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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

PEACE like death is coming to one nation after another in Europe. Austria, Czechoslovakia and Memel are all at peace and Spain looks like following them into the graveyard. The next immediate step of the Axis is doubtful. The drive to Roumania may be held up for the moment and a march through to the Adriatic through Croatia is held in some well-informed circles to be more likely. Here the problem is Italy; how far does Hitler care about the feelings and position of his one ally in Europe? Desperate efforts are still made by Britain and France to detach the Duce, but even if he was willing to be bought he is no longer in a position to break away from the Axis. Whether Germany will back immediately any large claims on France, we may learn from his speech on Sunday. At this terribly late moment the Tory Party has suddenly taken alarm, and many of those who were momentarily satisfied by Mr. Chamberlain's *volte face* doubt whether he will be willing or able to carry through so drastic a change in foreign policy. Last week Sir John Simon replied to Dr. Dalton and Mr. Eden with ridicule of collective security. Five days later, Lord Halifax, who seems now definitely to have abandoned appeasement, came down flat-footed for the policy that his Party and Government have so long derided. Collective security once meant a system which could be built into an international order. To-day it is no more than a phrase to denote a last-minute effort to arrange a military alliance with Russia, Poland and other Powers to warn Hitler that he is in danger of war on two fronts. The Cabinet this week has been sharply split on this issue. It is in any case willing to consult and make a *démarche* with Powers in Eastern Europe. But how far it is willing or able to give Poland and Russia those guarantees of armed support which they demand is still doubtful. It is indeed appallingly late.

The Four Power Effort

The first steps taken by the British Government to promote a Grand Alliance have not had particularly conclusive results. On Tuesday the text of a draft declaration of solidarity against further German aggression was sent to Paris, Moscow and Warsaw for consideration. The intention was apparently that the declaration, which was vague in its terms, contemplated only "consultation," and made no reference to concerted military action, should be the medium for a Four-Power *démarche;* but the Govern-

ments of Jugoslavia, Roumania and Turkey were simultaneously acquainted with its nature. France has expressed unconditional readiness to sign, but reactions elsewhere are mixed. Roumanian and Turkish approval may be regarded as certain, but Poland is believed to be making certain reservations—shared by Jugoslavia. Both Warsaw and Belgrade take the view that an anti-Nazi "front" would be precarious (and possibly dangerous, from their point of view) unless it were backed by definite military commitments—involving the necessity, in their opinion, of compulsory national service in Britain. Moscow's reply is understood to be that the Government of the U.S.S.R. regards the declaration favourably as a step in the right direction: but M. Litvinov is understandably disinclined to allow his country to be drawn into hostilities against Germany unless he is satisfied that the Western democracies will not, in that event, disclaim interest in the East and give Germany license to wage an anti-Bolshevik war. Clearly the Grand Alliance will need much more diplomatic cementing before Hitler is likely to consider it an impregnable fortress.

Lithuania Capitulates

German activity in the Baltic zone suggests that, if the architects of "defensive solidarity" are to achieve their aim, they have little time to lose. On Tuesday, M. Urbsys, the Lithuanian Foreign Minister, paid a visit to Herr von Ribbentrop in Berlin. He was told that the Reich required, under pain of the aerial bombardment of Kaunas, the immediate surrender of Memel, whose status under the 1924 Convention endorsed by the League has been that of local autonomy under Lithuanian sovereignty. Lithuania had no alternative but to capitulate, and on Wednesday the Memelland was formally annexed by the Reich. So far as the region itself is concerned, Germany may claim that she has acted in accordance with the principle of self-determination. Ever since 1935 the Memel Directorate has had an overwhelming German Party majority. After Munich the Lithuanians, with the fate of Czechoslovakia before their eyes, tried to allay the pro-Nazi agitation in Memel: martial law was withdrawn, political prisoners were released, assurances given of fuller local autonomy. It was too late. With Memel, the Lithuanians' only seaport, in his hands, Hitler is in a position to exercise overwhelming political pressure on Kaunas. Strategically, Poland's northern flank is turned.

Roumania in Jeopardy

In the south-east, indications are that there may be a pause in the German drive. Snow has been falling heavily in Ruthenia, and it is doubtful whether the German General Staff would consider it practicable to force the passage of the Transylvanian Alps into Wallachia before the end of April. On the other hand, Hungarian mobilisation on the Roumanian frontier—officially described as "partial"—will be virtually complete by the end of this week, and out of the forty-four German divisions now operating in the east ten divisions are massed on the Slovakian-Hungarian frontier in readiness to support a Hungarian thrust into the Transylvanian Plain. The nature of Germany's ultimate demands on Roumania was made plain on the eve of the Prague coup by the German trade delegation, under Herr Wohltat, which has been negotiating in Bucharest terms for the extension of last November's clearing agreement. The Germans suddenly demanded that Roumania should abandon any attempt to establish secondary industries and should give the Reich a virtual monopoly of her import-export trade, with reference particularly to oil output. These proposals were rejected by the Roumanians, and on Tuesday Herr Wohltat summarily broke off the talks and left Bucharest for Berlin as a "political protest" against Roumania's intransigeance. The gesture was ominous.

"Self-determination" in Jugoslavia

The Government in Belgrade is uncomfortably aware that Jugoslavia contains an "unredeemed" German minority of over 500,000, and that, according to unconfirmed but circumstantial reports, one German plan is to strike southwards through Croatia and establish a naval base on the Adriatic. The despatch of a small Italian force to Albania is presumably intended as a reminder by the Axis to Belgrade that an attack might be delivered on two fronts, though it seems doubtful whether the Duce would welcome a German move directed towards Fiume. From Jugoslavia's standpoint it seems essential that urgent steps should be taken to hasten the long-delayed solution of the problem of Croatian self-government. Dr. Matchek, the Croat leader, in a press interview this week, emphasised the dangers inherent in a Croatian separatist movement and deplored the fact that it should be left to Hitler to champion the cause of oppressed minorities. The inference is obvious and disquieting.

M. Daladier Dictator

M. Daladier's first batch of decrees dealing with the war services is certainly drastic. Hitler forces those who fear him to imitate him. In industries working for national defence the maximum working week is increased to 60 hours; and overtime payment, after 41 hours, is to be only at the rate of 10 per cent. for the first four hours and 5 per cent. thereafter. The Minister of Labour can even give permission to firms to exceed the 60-hour limit. A long step towards industrial conscription is taken by the decrees which forbid employers in the defence industries from engaging without a permit any man who is not unemployed, and deprive of unemployment pay for a year anyone who refuses work in the defence services. Furthermore, the Government has power to call to the Colours any person whose services it deems necessary; and there is a special decree enabling it to requisition the services of engineers of military experience. There is a decree which institutes a drastic censorship of information of military importance; and another decree at last gives priority to Government orders over all private demands on industry. A decree limiting profits on the production of war material is to follow.

Signs of Strain in Germany

A correspondent in Germany writes: Even Germany is unable to stand the pace of Nazi rearmament. On the railways failure to replace rolling stock held up deliveries of coal last Christmas a month and a half; power plants are starved of capital and output lags behind needs; and the dilution of labour by the taking on of old and untrained workers, combined with a steady increase of hours, has led to deterioration in the quality of German products. These obstacles, combined with a severe

shortage of credits, are forcing upon the Government a completely totalitarian economy, such as Dr. Schacht strove to avoid. The *entrepreneur* must now accept orders such as one recently issued by the State Commissioner for the motor industry, that out of the 113 types of lorry now manufactured 100 must disappear within a year, while the middle class is either being regimented in the bureaucracy or driven down into the proletariat. This does not mean, as some foreign optimists imagine, that Nazi economics will "break down." On the contrary, the unlimited possibilities of exploitation afforded by the Four Year Plan and General Göring's decree putting all labour under State control should enable the Government to maintain armaments production somewhere near last year's level for a considerable time.

Business as Usual

It will be interesting to see whether the increases of German military strength, which have resulted from the latest coup, will upset the optimistic Budget forecasts which Sir John Simon encouraged a few weeks ago. At that time it was envisaged that an expenditure of £600 millions on armaments—of which £200 millions were to be devoted to the Air Force—would be sufficient. But now we are facing a far more powerful Germany, which has suddenly acquired the whole of the Czech air force as well as the Skoda Works. Even without this plunder, and excluding the cost of the recent mobilisations and the western fortifications, it is reckoned that Germany is spending £1,100 millions on war-preparations of which sum at least £400 millions is earmarked for air expenditure. Thus the Nazis, who already have a supremacy in the air, are spending twice as much as the British Government is prepared to spend, or can spend while it adheres to the principle of "business as usual." If next year's estimates are the largest compatible with this principle, the Government must decide either to accept defeat in the armaments race, with all its consequences, or to take over for war-production industries, such as the motor trade, which are at present consuming vast quantities of raw materials and labour for commercial purposes. In the modern world, business as usual spells defeat.

Labour and National Service

The National Council of Labour, which met on Tuesday, called for a Peace Pact between Great Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and all other countries that were prepared to join. It reiterated Labour's hostility "to any form of alliance designed to serve nationalist or imperialist ends," but "urged the vital importance of Great Britain taking the lead in bringing into being a powerful combination of Peace nations, pledged to resist unprovoked aggression, as the only effective means of safeguarding the security of all." At the same time, the Council urged all sections of the Movement to do their utmost to preserve the voluntary principle in national defence, and therefore to do all they could to make the scheme of voluntary national service a success. In effect this means that the Council has pledged the support of Labour to the National Service Scheme without attempting to exact any conditions in respect of international policy; for the second part of the manifesto is not so expressed as to be in any way conditional upon the first. Labour is in a considerable difficulty. It believes that no government under Mr. Chamberlain's leadership will rebuild collective security, and yet it cannot allow its opposition to our present foreign policy to look like a sabotage of national defence. We believe, however, that the wisest course would be to take a positive line and boldly to lay down the conditions of its co-operation with a new Government—provided that it is a Government which it can trust. And there lies the difficulty.

Safety in Mines

Mr. Grenfell initiated on Tuesday an interesting debate in Parliament on the recent Report of the Royal Commission on Safety in Mines. The Government spokesman had to admit that the accident rate in 1938 was no better than in 1937; indeed, it was worse, in relation to the number of shifts actually worked. He admitted the need for legislation on the lines of the Commission's Report, which was unanimous; and this was accepted, with varying qualifications, by the spokesman of the colliery owners. The truth is that the great speeding-up which has occurred in the mines, in conjunction with the very greatly increased use of electricity, has created quite new conditions, which demand fresh legislation. Above all, as Mr. Grenfell insisted, it is necessary, in view of the dust created by coal-cutting machinery and the danger of explosions from the use of electricity in the dust-laden atmosphere, to adopt much more severe regulations for ensuring adequate ventilation in the pits. In France, where this has been done, not a single miner has been killed by an explosion for several years. In Great Britain 859 miners were killed in 1937, and the same number in 1938, despite lower output; and in each year well over 3,000 others were seriously injured, apart from lesser injuries. These totals include death and injury from all causes—not explosions only; but explosions due to bad ventilation are the chief cause of preventible deaths.

London Fares

The L.P.T.B. is proposing to leave fares under 4*d.* untouched, except that it intends to eliminate odd halfpennies wherever it can—usually by scaling up rather than down. Between 4*d.* and 9*d.* many fares will go up by 1*d.*, if it gets its way, and some by more; and over 9*d.* there will be increases of 2*d.* and 3*d.* In all, 42 per cent. of the existing fares are to be raised, and a few decreased, whereas nearly 60 per cent. are not affected. These last, however, are nearly all small; far more than half the total fares are under 4*d.* Sir Walter Monckton and Mr. Pick, in putting the Board's case, stressed the terms of the London Passenger Transport Act, and the obligation to try to earn 5½ per cent. on the C Stock, and in addition to accumulate substantial capital funds for extension and amortisation, over and above the funds needed for ordinary renewals. They did not say, though it is common knowledge, that the unsatisfactory state of the Board's finances is due largely to the absurd terms of compensation under the Act. The Board's employees have already felt, and its clients are now to feel, the excessive burden of these charges. The shareholders will no doubt get their pound of flesh, even if they drain off therewith the blood of the London public.

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AFTER APPEASEMENT

IF we cannot understand now we never shall. There is no longer any excuse for illusions. The seizure of Czecho-Slovakia has upset—for the moment—the policy of appeasement and in so doing it has revealed that its real object was an economic and political partnership between Britain and Germany. This has throughout been the aim of Mr. Chamberlain and his intimate advisers, and we are revealing no very well-kept secret in saying that it was mainly on this issue that Mr. Eden left the Government. It was because Sir Horace Wilson, an industrial negotiator without experience of foreign affairs, shared Mr. Chamberlain's aim that his advice was preferred to that of the usual official advisers. Last week Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Samuel Hoare and Sir Nevile Henderson, who has worked so tirelessly for the same object in Berlin, believed their hopes were near to realisation.

On March 13th the Federation of British Industries mission left London for Dusseldorf. On the 17th, when the German troops were already in Prague, the F.B.I. announced a satisfactory agreement with Germany. This agreement, which was to be clinched by the visit of Mr. Hudson to Berlin, is discussed in our City page to-day. It involved a joint British-German trade drive in various parts of the world, especially in South America, where the U.S.A. would be the principal loser. In view of this close accord and the apparent strength of Mr. Chamberlain's position, Hitler may well have felt secure from British opposition in the east of Europe. Indeed, the meaning to Hitler of the Munich settlement was that Britain no longer concerned herself in his east and south-eastern drive. Nor were the British and French Governments wholly ignorant of his plans. On March 19th M. Bonnet revealed to the Chambre des Deputés that he had informed the British Government of Hitler's troop movements in Czecho-Slovakia as early as March 11th. Inquiries were made in Berlin, and Sir Nevile Henderson, whose information seems to come entirely from Nazi quarters, replied in good faith that the story was fictitious. The wave of inspired optimism in the British press continued unchecked. On March 14th when the German troops had moved into Moravia, the Premier told Mr. Attlee in the House of Commons that he did not consider that any aggression had taken place. Even on the next day when Hitler entered Prague, Mr. Chamberlain's speech showed that he did not mean to allow the Führer's action, which he admitted was not in accordance with the "spirit of Munich," to damage the prospects of the Anglo-German political and economic partnership. Opinion in his own party and Cabinet, however, made this position impossible; his speech at Birmingham on Friday was a political necessity.

The policy of a partnership with the Fascist Powers, pursued with the utmost pertinacity throughout the Spanish war, the Czech crisis last summer and the difficult days since, had, at least for people who did not understand the Nazis, much to commend it. Mr. Chamberlain argued that Germany was the dangerous Power, that another war would end European civilisation and that there was no necessary conflict of interest between us. If Germany could be persuaded to expand to the East instead of to the West, we should be safe from Bolshevism and safe from war in these islands. All this was plausible. There was much, too, to appeal to the best as well as the worst of Britain in the policy of partnership; we were all conscious of the evils of Versailles and of the post-war policy of France. Moreover, once the chance of an Anschluss with democratic Germany had been lost, it was difficult to prevent Hitler's seizure of Austria and the consequent outflanking of the Czechs. Appeasement in such a situation carried with it the appeal to pacifism and co-operation as opposed to military preparation and economic rivalry. It could only be achieved by the deliberate destruction of the alternative idea embodied in the League—an idea which demanded a capacity to think in terms other than those of purely national interest, which required courage and initiative to carry out and which could be easily presented as the policy of sloppy idealists and dangerous adventurers. Mr. Chamberlain took a simple, business-man's view and added to it the universal appeal of peace. Germany had been a trade rival, why not make friends and co-operate instead of cutting each other's throats?

This policy which, from the point of view of peace and the *status quo*, had on the surface much to commend it, was never feasible because of the nature of the Nazi regime. Hitler's policy is not dictated by considerations of economic profit, though there is economic pressure behind his expansionist moves. It is founded on a will to power; his ambitions know no measurable limits and they are pursued with a ruthless clarity which leaves old-fashioned diplomats gasping. He declares himself a man of peace; and so he is, for, like Napoleon, he only believes in fighting battles when he is overwhelmingly strong. So far he has contrived to be so strong that he has not needed to fight at all. He knows, as Mr. Eden explained to the House of Commons by an apt quotation from *Mein Kampf*, how to proceed by stages; once he has overcome the will to resistance in the first advance, the other stages follow almost automatically. The tactics he has pursued in Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Memel are now universally familiar, and the same tactics of a worked-up internal dissension followed by a press campaign of lies and calumnies and, at the critical moment, by a paralysing display of strength are very generally applicable. Since last summer he has kept at least a million men permanently in the field. They can be moved from one frontier to another at will. The Dutch, the Belgians, as well as Switzerland and the Scandinavian Powers are all prospective victims when the time is ripe. The Balkans and the sweep down through Croatia to the Adriatic or to the Dardanelles through Roumania may perhaps come first. Nor is the policy of threat and disruption confined to Europe. It is in full swing in South Africa, as we have seen during the last week, as well as throughout South America and elsewhere.

Hitler is never anyone's ally, as Mussolini may yet discover. He does not bargain; he only temporises until he is strong enough to destroy. Business negotiators like Mr. Chamberlain are old stuff to Hitler. When the Premier went to Berchtesgaden we reminded him of the story of Schuschnigg, and quoted instances of the Führer's taste for the game of taking blackmail from rich men and laughing at them afterwards when it was their turn, too, for the concentration camp. Most people realise this too late: the immediate question is whether that is true of the ruling class in France and Britain.

It is the realisation of the danger of partnership with

Hitler that has, for the time at least, upset the policy of appeasement. There is in Britain a real hatred of cruelty and intolerance and bad faith and a widespread repugnance to the Nazi regime. But that alone would be impotent to change British policy. The change of opinion before which the Premier bowed last Friday was due to a discovery among Conservatives that in isolation we are ourselves likely to suffer the fate of the Czechs. This fear for our security shared by Lord Halifax could not be disregarded. Hence Mr. Chamberlain's speech last Friday—a speech which stands as a close parallel at a more critical time to Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva in September, 1935. An official policy of compromise and arrangement with Italy was steadily pursued behind the scenes, but the public had to be satisfied by an uncompromisingly democratic speech. On that speech, with its unflinching promise of adherence to a League policy, the present Government—it seems incredible but it is true—won its present lease of office. The moment after the election the speech was abandoned for the old-fashioned political manoeuvre of the Laval-Hoare Pact. Once again, to-day, bold speeches must be made in public to rally the country behind the Premier on principles and sentiments that suit the public mood. But Mr. Chamberlain is unlikely to change his policy, partly because he is a stubborn man who does not easily change and partly because he and his colleagues are too old and too set to take those now difficult and dangerous initiatives which in the present desperate state of affairs may be the only alternatives to submission.

Just as at a point before the Munich crisis the patriotic section of the British ruling class was pressed on a single occasion into a *démarche* with France and Russia, so to-day Mr. Chamberlain is forced to satisfy opinion by offering a joint declaration of protest with Russia, France and Poland—if she will come in, and on Poland's decision very much hangs. Poland, like other Powers, has seen too much of British policy in recent years to respond favourably to any British approach which is not signed and sealed beyond escape. Poland has no more wish than the U.S.S.R. to bring the might of Germany against her only to find that Britain and France discover ways of standing aside. The project of a conference of Powers that wish to band themselves together to defend their freedom has so far seemed " premature " to the British Government, and it is a safe assumption that it will never take place under a Government headed by Mr. Chamberlain.

To-day we see the extraordinary spectacle of Germany and Italy resolutely continuing the war against the democracies that they began with the invasion of Spain in 1936. It is a war which they fight all the time while we cannot even decide to join together in defence. The experts to-day argue how far it is possible at this desperately late hour to defend ourselves: whether, with so many strategic points gone, much that has been considered secure and even vital can be defended. Spain has always been the decisive question for the security of the West, and Spain is nearly, but not yet quite, lost. It would not occur to our statesmen that there is still an army in Spain that would fight on our side if we helped them, or that in Abyssinia and China we have, if we wish, allies who are still unconquered. Would it even occur to them that the people of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, let alone a vast mass of people in Germany, are to be regarded as our allies, longing for our lead and our support?

Let us, then, be quite clear that none of that initiative for which we have continuously asked month after month is possible from a Government headed by Mr. Chamberlain, or containing most of his colleagues. If one searches the present Cabinet one can find very few men who, quite apart from their political outlook, have character or courage. They are not the kind of men who have saved this nation from destruction in the past. They have led it to the brink of destruction now and we must look to others for our defence. The only hope is in a new Government which will contain the genuine representatives of the working class and that solid middle-class Britain which is to-day confused and bewildered. Austria was destroyed because the workers who would have defended their country had already been put out of action by Dollfuss and Schuschnigg. The same thing will happen to us unless we take charge. And there is not much time to lose.

If there is to be, as there will be if Germany immediately continues her advance, any form of coalition which supersedes Mr. Chamberlain and most of his colleagues, the conditions of such co-operation from the Opposition parties must clearly be not only a resolute policy of national defence—we cannot defend ourselves alone—but also a complete change of foreign policy. The essence of that policy must be friendship with Democracy rather than with Fascism. Nor is mere friendship enough. It must be actual alliance, primarily defensive and, as far as so difficult a project may be achieved in a short time, an alliance which includes a single economic policy and the closest of cultural ties. Our friends, whatever their politics or differences from us, are at this juncture all those who are threatened by Germany. The human animal does not easily coalesce; the herd only bunches in face of fear. Therefore for the first time perhaps there is an opportunity in the great fear that sweeps over the world to-day for a league, not of loose sovereign Powers, but of Powers closely federated for a common purpose. If there were war that would be quickly achieved. It was achieved more completely than people remember during the last war when we had a joint military establishment with France, Belgium, and America, and when miracles of international control, such as the management of international shipping all over the world, were achieved under a single authority to defeat Germany. Is it not possible that we have learnt our lesson by now and that such an alliance of Powers that desire peace may this time be achieved before war, and perhaps even in time to prevent it?

INSIDE ROUMANIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT LATELY IN ROUMANIA]

IT seems necessary for a Balkan country to be in imminent danger of Nazi aggression before the Western Democracies trouble about it. Such, at least, has been the fate of Roumania. Some months ago King Carol visited Paris and London, but received little except expressions of good will. But now at last, when it is almost too late, when the troops of Hungary, the virtual protectorate of Germany, are massing on the frontier, there is a lively interest in the fate of Roumania. And it is realised that both economically and strategically here is yet another bastion which we can ill afford to lose.

For Roumania has not only its oil supplies and untapped mineral resources to tempt the Nazi aggressor; it is also of the greatest strategic importance for any general who is organising a drive to Turkey and the Dardanelles and planning the creation of a greater Ukraine. In any war between Germany and Russia, the Carpathians which run through the centre of its territory are of vital strategic importance to both sides.

For some years Roumanian statesmen have been anxiously searching for friends to protect their country which was so amply enlarged by the peace treaties. Such friends are difficult to find near at hand. Both Hungary and Bulgaria have large territorial claims and even in the last crisis seemed likely to side with Nazi Germany in the hope of recovering their lost lands. Yugoslavia and Poland, although nominal allies, were mainly concerned to divert German attention away from themselves. Deprived of the Little Entente and Skoda Works, the only help for which Roumania could hope must come either from France or from Russia. Until Munich, Roumania, which has a genuine affection for French culture, had relied upon the West. Since last October, however, it was realised that no help could be expected from this quarter and the governing class has been faced with the dilemma of a complete surrender to Germany or resistance with the help of her only other neighbour, Bolshevik Russia.

To seek help from such a quarter was naturally uncongenial to the heterogeneous collection of politicians who made up the Front of National Renaissance under the personal dictatorship of King Carol. Carol, himself an admirer of Mussolini and once at least a Germanophile, is passionately hostile to the U.S.S.R., while his Foreign Minister, Grafencu, is also known to be personally friendly with Col. Beck, and an advocate of good relations with the Axis. Indeed, it seems probable that Roumania would have willingly come under German patronage had it not been for the King's knowledge that Hitler prefers a Gauleiter to a king—particularly, he may have said to himself, when the king's mistress is not of Aryan extraction. Apart from Mme. Lupescu, the only members of the Front who were solidly opposed to Germany were the industrialists who have long been aware of the German plan to make Roumania an agrarian and mining colony of the Third Reich.

Even in the ranks of the Opposition, there was not complete unanimity in favour of opposing the Nazis. Some of the Liberals, followers of Bratianu, desired an agreement with Berlin, and even the National Peasant Party, which has a strong democratic tradition, was divided on this matter. But the majority followed Maniu, one of the few distinguished figures in Roumanian politics. Personally incorruptible and impervious to royal blandishments, he stood by his tradition of democratic principles and advocated collaboration not only with the West, but with Soviet Russia.

Unfortunately, neither the Government nor the Opposition represent the real feelings of the country, and the Front of National Renaissance bears a close resemblance to Schuschnigg's patriotic front. It monopolises political activity and it is open to all, but it has succeeded in alienating the mass of the people. The greatest mistake of Schuschnigg was his refusal until the last moment to put his trust in the democratic working class. In Roumania the industrial working class is small but there exists a huge mass of depressed and exploited peasantry, deprived of all political education and influence. Without the support of the peasants no Front of National Renaissance is any more than a façade. There is no doubt that the peasants had been deeply stirred by the propaganda of the Iron Guard. Disillusioned with all political parties, they had seen in the legionary movement men averse from all compromise and inspired with a fanatical courage. This was a new phenomenon in Roumanian politics and they were prepared to give it a trial, not because it was pro-German but on account of its social revolutionary programme. Since many village usurers and town industrialists are Jews, the peasants and the small bourgeoisie were easily attracted to its radical anti-Semitic programme; and the ruthless suppression of the Iron Guard by methods imitated from Germany brought as much relief to the wealthy circles as it did disillusionment to the peasants. It is unlikely that King Carol and his associates will be able to resist Herr Hitler's blandishments and threats unless they can convince this peasant population that resistance to Germany will also give them satisfaction of their social demands. So long as the Nazis offer higher prices for agricultural produce than those obtainable in the world market, and continue to promise the overthrow of the Jewish middleman, they will retain some of the sympathies of an oppressed agrarian population. True, the Government has passed a social service law which compels all University and High School students to spend a year in the villages in the work of "material and spiritual elevation of the peasantry." Prof. Gusti, the inspirer of this project, has some admirable ideas; but it is doubtful whether social service can do much to solve the essential problems of agricultural unemployment, over-population, the highest infant mortality rate in Europe, and undernourishment.

The events of the last fortnight, though they have awakened the Western Powers to the importance of Roumanian independence, have made its defence vastly more difficult. With the complete absorption of the Czech armaments industry into the Reich, it is doubtful how far the Roumanian army, whose equipment was largely produced by Skoda, is in a position to resist. The anti-Semitic Goga ministry collapsed under French pressure and there were rumours at the time that France had threatened to cut off supplies of armaments. Now the boot is on the other leg, and it is difficult to see how, without very substantial help from outside, King Carol could defend himself against a joint attack by German and Hungarian troops—at any rate in the near future. A *demarche* in Berlin and an announcement that we are not disinterested in Roumanian independence is of small consolation to an army whose reserve ammunition is in the hands of the enemy. Everything seems to point to the conclusion that, unless really active support is forthcoming from the Western Democracies and from Russia, the Front of National Renaissance will collapse even more easily than the Schuschnigg dictatorship. A British trade delegation is on its way to Bucharest and it would be well advised to concern itself not only with the interests of the Roumanian industrialists but with the condition of the countryside. The problem of Roumania's people in contrast to Roumania's ruling class is an agrarian problem, and it is the people's support which is needed if Roumania is to resist the Nazi demands.

WHAT IS AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY?

THE President may not in fact have told the Senate Military Affairs Committee that France is the American frontier; but he is acting as if it were. In spite of the objection of the War Department, he granted a special favour to France. He authorised a French Air Ministry mission to inspect, with a view to buying immediately, at least one American military aeroplane of such new design that it had not even been passed finally by the United States War Department. Without this special authorisation the French would have had to wait until this plane had been rejected by the War Department or had been in service in America for a year.

This was not, therefore, an ordinary commercial arrangement, such as has been made by the British, the Dutch, and many other nations which have been buying American military planes.

The President apparently did not quibble over this point but, in his talk with the Senate Military Affairs Committee, defended the giving of all possible assistance for the rearming of the democracies in Europe.

As so frequently happens when foreign policy is under debate, White House lieutenants have tried to overcome criticism by asserting that the President has access to information which is not available to the public, or even to Congress, except as he transmits it in confidential conversations.

Through all the channels which are at his disposal, the President should of course have a great deal of information which is not available to the general public. But I think the amount of such information can easily be exaggerated. The reports which flow in from U.S. missions abroad are usually contradictory. Often they are slower and less illuminating than the published accounts of American newspaper correspondents abroad. Even when the facts, as reported, are undisputed, there are often the greatest differences of opinion as to their significance among experts in the State Department.

The main lines of American foreign policy are not, and cannot be, determined by day-to-day information, whether confidential or otherwise. They are necessarily based on a concept of the proper role of the United States in the world. Those Americans who believe that the role of the United States is to defend right against wrong everywhere in the world, to oppose aggressors everywhere, to defend international morality, favour one kind of foreign policy. Those who believe that the proper role of the United States is to defend only itself and its neighbours to the North and South, believe in another kind of foreign policy.

The President has never clearly stated in which of these two policies, or in which variants of them, he believes. Or rather, he has talked at times as if he favoured one, and at times as if he favoured the other. The pronouncements issuing from the State Department seem to me to have been equally confused and contradictory.

This confusion of utterance has been due in part to an understandable desire to win the widest possible support for the Administration's foreign policy. Like the politicians who say a kind word for the Townsend Plan in one breath, and demand a balanced budget in the next, the Administration spokesmen have mixed their slogans and actions with a view to pleasing both the isolationists and the internationalists. Recently, however, the President has moved farther towards the ideas of the internationalists, and even of the interventionists.

Most Americans, however, do not believe that the forms of government adopted by other countries are any great concern of theirs. In her relations with Latin America, America has taken the position that any nation's form of government is its own business. We are on friendly terms with Latin-American nations which can be called democratic only by a very great stretch of the imagination. The notion that the United States cannot exist as a democracy if democracy disappears altogether in Europe, seems to most of us to be weak and defeatist. No such lack of self-confidence afflicted our forefathers when they devised the Constitution of the United States.

America's interest in the British Empire is based not on the form of government in Great Britain, but on two considerations: that Great Britain harbours no ambitions inimical to America's national safety, and that if the British Empire should collapse she would have to deal with a host of serious problems. If British naval power should be destroyed, we would be faced with the possibility of a naval threat to the Western Hemisphere simultaneously in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. We might have to build our navy far above any size we now contemplate. Meanwhile, we would have had to decide, probably, whether to defend Australia, New Zealand, and, possibly, South Africa.

But there is another possibility, short of the destruction of British naval power, that would be disturbing to us. That is the filtering through of an aggressive, expanding power, such as Nazi Germany is to-day. We have a serious interest in German demands for colonies. A German naval base on the West Coast of Africa or in the Cape Verde Islands would add to the expense and difficulty of defending South America. German naval or air bases in the Azores, Greenland, or Iceland, would give us grave concern. Under existing conditions, we should regard the establishment of bases by an aggressive, expanding power at any of these points as a hostile act.

As long as Germany is pushing eastward in Europe, as long as Germany remains a Continental military power and does not become a naval power, as long as Japan is occupied on the continent of Asia, and is not expanding by sea southward and westward in the Pacific area, we have no great cause for anxiety.

France is the American frontier only in the sense that France is the ally of Britain. The question most Americans would ask is: How much is the British navy worth to us—how much is it worth to us to have the Nazis kept bottled up on the Continent of Europe? It is worth something. The difficulty is in drawing a line. In 1917, even after we had declared war on Germany, it was generally assumed in this country that we would limit ourselves to financial and naval aid to the allies. Then it was thought that we would send just a few troops as a symbol to bolster the morale of the British and French. We ended by training and transporting the greatest expeditionary force ever sent across an ocean.

E. LINDLEY.

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A LONDON DIARY

HERE is a diary—without comment.

March 6th.—Daily Worker: "That Hitler will march into Czechoslovakia on March 15th is a confirmed belief of people in Prague."

March 10th.—Sir Samuel Hoare states in a speech, "as far as the democracies are concerned the policy of Germany and Italy is a policy of peace and tolerance, and the settlement of all international disputes by negotiation." He envisages five years of peace. His optimism is reflected in the London daily press.

March 11th.—M. Bonnet informs Mr. Chamberlain of German troop concentrations in Central Europe (see his statement in Chambre des Députés on March 19th).

March 12th.—Mr. Garvin in the *Observer* writes: "It seems virtually impossible that these (i.e. cheerful) views could be issued at this moment unless the Ministers were in possession of private information enabling them to speak in the main of what they know."

March 13th.—Deputation from Federation of British Industries leaves for Dusseldorf. Mr. Hudson in high spirits.

March 14th.—Daily Telegraph: "What Hitler wants is not yet clear." Answering Mr. Attlee, Mr. Chamberlain says, "No aggression has yet taken place." German troops invade Moravia. M. Hacha is summoned to Berlin.

March 15th.—Mr. Chamberlain says: "I have so often heard charges of breach of faith bandied about, which did not seem to me to be founded upon sufficient premises, that I do not wish to associate myself to-day with any charges of that character." *Punch* cartoon derides the pessimists who had prophesied trouble on the Ides of March. German troops reach Prague.

March 17th.—Deputation from F.B.I. publish a highly satisfactory agreement with German Industrialists. Mr. Chamberlain denounces Hitler's breach of faith.

* * *

It is futile to be bitter at this belated rally to a policy, so long derided, which adopted earlier might have saved the world from war. To-day it is a desperate affair, and I think another attempt at appeasement more likely. I do not expect immediate war. If it comes, however, let us resolve never to pretend that it can be good, never to use high-sounding phrases to disguise its horror and wickedness; let us concentrate always on the fact that it is not the German nor any other common people with whom we have a quarrel. Let us remember that bombs unite and that leaflets may divide our friends from our enemies. The sanest occupation I can imagine in war is to work for a better peace than Versailles and a more endearing world organisation than the League of Nations.

* * *

This has been a wonderful week of *volte-faces*. Mr. Chamberlain has admitted that he was led down the Berchtesgaden path, and the *Times* has decided, apparently finally,

that the Nazis are not gentlemen. But the most extraordinary case is that of Mr. Garvin, who says in the *Observer :*

> In the tone of a statesman, Mr. Maisky on Wednesday made an important contribution to the work in hand. Speaking at a public function in London, he declared : " You will find that in the last resort peace or war in our time depends on the kind of relations which exist between London and Moscow." There is, in fact, no firmer ally than Russia in the defence of freedom.

All this repentance is to be welcomed, though it is tragically late. There is, however, one disgraceful and shocking reaction —that of the *Daily Express*. Last week it advocated giving Germany colonies and on Monday talked about there being no chance of war in the familiar style. This I understand. Lord Beaverbrook was apparently sticking to his guns, still believing in isolation and hoping that Germany would leave us alone. But Tuesday's *Express* contained a leading article more irresponsible and dangerous than anything I remember. It stated that Britain had left the policy of appeasement and gone back to the old opposite policy of " encirclement." This is a word that Goebbels loves, and it was printed black as a sub-heading. The reason for this change of policy, the article explained, was that Hitler had gone to Prague for gold, that other people had gold and did not want to lose it. " It is that sort of interpretation of the German action that is giving popularity to encirclement." Under the next heading " Attack," it was stated—did the *Daily Express* think of the use that Dr. Goebbels could make of it in Germany ?—that Britain's new policy " carries with it the decision to base our future preparations, naval, military, and in the air, on attack rather than on defence." When the main object of every sane person ought to be to explain to the Germans that Dr. Goebbels is lying to them and that while we are ready to defend ourselves, no one here would dream of attacking Germany (which is the truth) what can be Lord Beaverbrook's object in making such a statement ?

* * *

One man who did not foresee last week's events was Lord Rothermere. While the *Daily Mail* (recently Hitler's best friend in Europe and, earlier, the hats-off-to-France paper during the invasion of the Ruhr) is roaring its denunciations of Nazi humbug and congratulating Mr. Chamberlain on no longer trusting Hitler's word, its proprietor has published this week a volume called *Warnings and Predictions* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 5s., in which he advocates Anglo-German co-operation, and congratulates Mr. Chamberlain on the " realism " of appeasement. Newspaper predictions need only last a day before they are discreetly forgotten, but a book takes some weeks to publish and Lord Rothermere must read his description of Hitler as " a great gentleman " whose acquisition of culture is comparable with that of " the country lad from Stratford " with mixed feelings. I fancy that Mr. Ward Price is not in such high favour as when the book was written.

* * *

I have been talking to a Jewish refugee, just arrived from Berlin, who had some interesting things to tell me about conditions there. Since the Jewish pogroms last November, she had noticed an increasing tendency for Aryans to show her particular consideration, and an S.S. man who lived next door had entirely changed his attitude. On the other hand, the premium payable on the installation of gas-cookers and heaters has been, she told me, raised to 30 marks in the case of Jewish customers, in order, it is said, to insure that, if they commit suicide, the cost of the gas consumed shall be properly covered. As for the food situation, it seems to be steadily getting worse. When she left, the bread, a mixture of rye and maize, was of war-time texture, the weekly butter ration was about a quarter of a pound per person, and, since it was difficult to obtain more than one egg per week, the ordinary household had given up baking cakes. But worst of all is the sudden shortage of coffee —malt coffee, of course, real coffee has been for years prohibitively expensive—and the ration was, when she left, an ounce per week. I asked her how people reacted and she said they were completely *stumpf*, cowed and terrified of war, but unable to help themselves and hoping against hope that, if war did come, the Army would " arrest the madman." This is, I fear, a false hope. The army, which is still very well housed, clothed and fed and now effectively Nazified, is probably the most loyal section of the population. It is to be remembered that Germany has never been free from misery and crisis for twenty-five years ; its leaders are the most successful gamblers in history, but they will be taking the greatest gamble of all if they trust to the morale of their victims in a war.

* * *

Next Sunday afternoon at the New Gallery Kinema the Film Society are showing a remarkable film, *Professor Mamlock*. It has been running with immense success in New York since last September. I gather that it stands a poor chance of general release here ; I need not mention my guesses of the reasons for censorship. *Professor Mamlock* is a film made in Russia by a Russian and a German director ; it is technically excellent and gives an exciting, realistic, but not, as far as I remember, a physically horrible picture of the treatment of a great Jewish doctor by the Nazis in Germany. I saw it myself in circumstances I am not likely to forget. One night soon after Christmas, when the last offensive against Catalonia had begun, a car came to fetch me from the hotel where I was staying in Barcelona. There was an air-raid on and the city was black. The car took me down ghostly avenues, its glimmering lights making shadows through the trees, to the house of Dr. Negrin, the Premier. The company, members of the Cabinet, secretaries and officers of the Army and Air Force, sat down about midnight to see the film. My memory of the picture itself is dimmed by my far clearer recollection of Dr. Negrin's personality. I recall our long whispered conversation, his confident words, his courage and buoyancy and his remark that the film strengthened one's resolution.

* * *

I have in front of me the latest example of Nordic culture. It reaches into spheres where I had thought mankind was reduced to a common level. It is the outside cover of a roll of *Deutsch-arisches Erzeugnis Krepp-Klosettpapier*.

* * *

Here is an ingenious little thing to play with in an odd five minutes :

> Write down your telephone number, double it, add five, multiply by fifty, add this year (1939), add the number of days in a year (365), subtract the year of your birth, subtract the number of M.P.s (615), and you will find the answer gives you first your telephone number and then your age this year.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to T. Palmer.

All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> Whatever economic and political use Germany can make of her new territories, they should help her this summer to attain the ambition she has long cherished of winning the Davis Cup.—*Evening Chronicle.*

> Mr. Ernest Brown crystallised the unemployment problem when he told Parliament that it was really a question of finding jobs.—*Oxford Mail.*

> I saw half of it (*Pygmalion*) when a beautiful young lady actress was caused to utter the vilest expression I have ever heard in a public meeting—" Not Bl——dy likely." I was so disgusted I walked straight out. The film is a disgrace to civilisation. I hope you'll do your best to get it taken off.—Letter in *Daily Herald.*

> I have reason to suspect that the more intelligent members of the British public are bitterly resentful of the fact that it was not ourselves, but our ex-enemies, who recognised the falsity of the Czech State and had the courage to " cut the Gordian knot."—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

Blackburn A.R.P. demonstrators yesterday decided to show how to extinguish an incendiary bomb.

The fuses were lit and everyone stood by. Nothing happened. Then the bomb was surrounded with burning oil-soaked rags and magnesium powder, but it still refused to co-operate. Finally the experts set an oxy-acetylene welding plant to work under it—and the bomb burst into flames.

The demonstrators then promptly put it out.—*Manchester Guardian.*

The raising of the standard of living within reasonable limits is not to be deplored.—*Daily Telegraph.*

German moves in Czechoslovakia are resented by M.P.s in London as being insulting to the Prime Minister while acting as head of the nation.—*Glasgow Herald.*

The meaning of all this for us is obvious. There is no need to be alarmist about the future, no need to anticipate circumstances in which we might be involved in a quarrel with Germany.

It is a possibility which in itself we need hardly consider at all. If we did consider it, we might conceivably come to the conclusion that such circumstances were unlikely ever to arise. But even if we did, that ought to make no difference to our action.—*Daily Sketch.*

A woman was said at Westminster County Court to-day to have found a dead mouse in her coat collar—after wearing it eight times. "I suffered social embarrassment," she said. "She sits and broods for hours," said her mother. "She is on the verge of a complete mental breakdown," said a doctor.—*Evening Standard.*

PLANNED A.R.P.

IT is a sad commentary on our present rulers that the first realistic discussion of a problem of such vital importance as A.R.P. should not come from the Government departments concerned, considering all the facilities and information that are available to them. But it is at the same time a happy augury for Democracy that the task the Government has failed to do is being done by public-spirited citizens and municipalities. *Planned A.R.P.** marks a second stage in the battle for effective protection for the civil population. Professor Haldane made it impossible for the Government to continue with the policy of providing only brown paper refuge rooms. In a book which is a model of popular presentation Messrs. Tecton now show with clarity and precision the character of the shelters needed to give any required degree of protection. They have been enabled to do so because they could bring together the resources of a modern and intelligent architectural firm with those of a far-seeing borough council. The result is that *Planned A.R.P.* embodies in itself a most lucid theoretical account of the principles of A.R.P. and the exact and practical application of those principles to a typical urban area. The Finsbury plan cannot be ignored even by the Home Office, and now that it is available to a large public it will be difficult for any local authority to present to its citizens anything that falls far short of the standard it sets.

The great value of the Finsbury scheme is its thoroughly scientific basis. Starting with a reasonable forecast of the character of modern air warfare and a knowledge of the area, secured by admirable and detailed surveys, it sets out logically to solve the problem of how to give the maximum protection to the citizens at the minimum cost and in the shortest time. To solve this problem a new principle has been introduced, that of the danger coefficient. If they had done nothing else, the authors of *Planned A.R.P.* would have here made a vital contribution to all defence problems. It is generally agreed that in any defended area bombs are dropped approximately indiscriminately. A bomb of any particular type is certain to kill an unprotected person if it falls within a certain minimum distance of him; it will not injure him at all if it falls beyond a certain maximum distance. The whole area included in this distance represents a danger zone for the man and the average sum of the probabilities over the zone gives a measure of the danger from the particular bomb. What we are concerned with, however, in view of the carrying capacity of raiders, is the danger not from one bomb, but per ton of bombs, and this average probability, or danger volume per unit weight of bomb, is what the authors have called the danger coefficient. The better the construction of the shelter, the smaller the area within which the bomb must strike in order to injure the occupants, and with a perfect shelter it is reduced to zero. From the knowledge of the resistance of materials to bombs and the general design of shelters it would be possible to calculate these danger coefficients for every type of shelter. Not sufficient research has been done (or perhaps published) to enable these coefficients to be worked out accurately, but there is no doubt that the authors have established reasonable relative danger coefficients for different shelters. They have shown, for instance, that the Government trench layout has a danger coefficient of 76, which by proper disposition can be reduced to 53 for the same expense. A good surface shelter may have a danger coefficient as low as 10, while bomb-proof shelters vary from about 6 for a small shelter to 0.1 for the largest cylindrical design.

For an equal density of population the number of casualties will be directly proportional to the danger coefficient. It can be seen that more than a 100-fold saving of lives can be effected by proper shelter construction. Naturally this does not mean that it is everywhere advisable to aim at the lowest danger coefficient. The density of population and the liability to bombardment has also to be taken into account. It is clear that, in areas where the population is as dense as in Finsbury, that is, ranging from 200 to over 1,000 per acre, deep shelters with low danger coefficients are required, because here the most intense bombardments are to be expected and it would be impossible, for lack of space, to build extensive trenches or surface shelters. In the borough of Holborn, for instance, not a single house qualifies for reasons of height or space for the Anderson shelters. On the other hand, for urban or suburban areas with under 50 persons to the acre, such shelters would probably prove adequate because of the greater improbability of a close hit.

The most effective method of reducing the danger coefficients of shelters is firstly to provide a detonating slab and a roof proof against the heaviest bombs, and then to make the fullest use of this protection by putting a many-storied shelter vertically beneath it. The final type evolved is a cylindrical shelter with a spiral ramp which combines this high protection with extreme ease of construction and convenience of access and use. The larger the shelter, the lower the cost per head becomes. For a shelter holding 7,000 people this cost would certainly not be higher than £6, per head, equivalent to that of a well-protected trench which is 300 times more dangerous.

Most of the objections which have been raised against deep shelters are discussed in the book. The dangers from concussion and panic are not in themselves arguments against deep shelters. They would probably be less than for most other types of shelters. In any case, given a little research, defence against them is almost certainly possible. More serious is the question of accessibility. The larger the shelter for a given density of population, the farther people would have to go to get into it. In the Finsbury scheme, no inhabited area in the borough is more than 330 yards from a shelter and with a little practice it should be possible for everyone to be in their shelters within 3½ minutes. The 7-minute warning officially suggested would seem to be ample. This would not be the case, of course, in less densely populated areas, for which the authors do not propose such large shelters. But there is no doubt that there are very considerable districts too densely populated for light shelters and yet not densely populated enough to justify the largest Finsbury type. For these areas the more expensive type of medium-sized shelter would have to be provided, or evacuation would have to be arranged either to less or more densely populated areas.

The principles enunciated here could be readily applied

* *Planned A.R.P.*, Tecton, Architectural Press, 5*s*.

to the country as a whole, and we might, within a reasonably short time and at an expense which would certainly be not greater than £200,000,000, have a rational shelter policy fitting protection to the needs of the locality and with due regard to the maintenance of essential production. It is to be hoped that the publication of this report will lead to a popular demand for such a scheme or at least for something far better than we are at present offered by the Government. The Anderson shelters may very well do for suburban areas, though their effectiveness against blast has yet to be tested. They are certainly most dangerous in many of the crowded areas where they are being installed. Far more dangerous is the Government's policy of strengthening basements. This has been explicitly condemned by a committee of the Institute of Structural Engineers, and both calculation and the experience of Spain show it to be the worst method of securing protection for people in medium-sized houses. The danger coefficient is 150, twice that of the worst trench system, mainly due to its large effective area. Not only that but

> the one initial advantage that basements have to offer (namely, the existence of a ready-excavated area) would be more than outweighed by the difficulty and expense of carrying out the work in a confined space.

It is to be hoped that the same popular opinion that has forced the Government to adopt, in principle at any rate, a policy of shelters will force them to abandon this dangerous form of protection and to adopt instead a policy based on the thoroughly scientific and practical principles that are embodied in the Finsbury scheme.

J. D. BERNAL

BILLET DOUX

MANY people have received during the last week or so a circular headed "Your Home is Threatened" and issued by the United Ratepayers' Advisory Association. I have an instinctive distrust of ratepayers when they get united. In nine cases out of ten they seem to be people who do not like paying rates. I do not like paying rates myself, but I am in favour of other people paying rates, and so cannot unite with united ratepayers as a rule with a good conscience. The United Ratepayers of the circular, let it be said to their credit, are not the usual mere haters of rates. When they say, "Fight Dictatorship and Compulsion," they are not thinking of the rate-collector but of the scheme for billeting refugees from towns in private houses in time of war. The manner in which the billeting scheme is being handled, they say, "is an insult to everything that is manly and democratic in the English people." The pro-billeting enthusiasts are "Whitehall theorists" who "know little or nothing of the English home—and they care less."

The United Ratepayers, then, have a good cause—the defence of the English home. And they realise that, if the English home is to survive, it must be defended, not only against foreigners, but against English men, women and children. The Englishman's home, as everybody knows, is his castle, though it does not usually look like one; and in one part of the country after another the castles are being threatened. Consider, for example, the ruthlessness that is being prepared against the castle dwellers in the Petersfield area. At a meeting of the Rural District Council, a gallant captain asked what would happen if a householder refused to co-operate in a billeting scheme. "In our locality," a doctor replied, "non-co-operators would receive twice their normal quota"; and the Chairman of the Council added grimly: "It would not stop at twice." Naturally such an incident has taken the United Ratepayers' collective breath away. If you had had a feather when they read these words you could have knocked them down with it. "This in England," they gasp incredulously, "from elected representatives of English men and women. It is a typical instance of local tyranny which will become habitual if it is not checked immediately. Are we to allow ourselves to be treated as if we were in Bolshevik Russia?" To that, you will admit, there is only one possible reply, and the United Ratepayers give it. "Of course not. It is up to us to bring such irresponsible would-be dictators to heel, and quickly."

Who can doubt that the spirit of England is rising? You can always tell that that is happening when Englishmen begin talking about Magna Charta. And the United Ratepayers duly say their piece about Magna Charta. "Magna Charta," they remind us, "means more than a 'page in the school history.' A thousand years ago it freed the English people from a tyranny of the same kind as that with which we are now threatened. Now, as then, the Englishman's character must express itself—and win." I have always been rather hazy in my notions about Magna Charta, and, for all I know to the contrary, it may contain a clause denying King John the right to dump children and old people in large numbers in the castles of the freedom-loving barons. King John, indeed, may have been the first Bolshevist, and the barons pioneers of the movement to make the world safe for democracy. The United Ratepayers ought to summon an assembly at Runnymede on the 15th of June, and force King John Anderson to restore them their lost liberties. They could talk to him with the frank common sense with which they write in the circular. "If," they say there—and how sound the reasoning is!—"we cannot defend our homes, we cannot hope to defend our country. If we allow the State to take and use our own homes, we are supporting the rankest communism. War is no excuse for communism."

Well, war is the excuse for a good many things, and, if there is another war, he will be a lucky ratepayer who escapes with nothing worse than having a couple of strange children in the house for the duration.

I agree with the United Ratepayers, however, in disliking this billeting business. Obviously, if the towns have to be evacuated by a large part of the population, the sane thing to do is to house the refugees in camps which might be used as holiday resorts in time of peace; and it is such camps that the United Ratepayers demand with the proviso: "These camps must be provided without any increase in rates or taxes." At the same time, I wonder whether I should be so strongly in favour of camps if I were a boarding-house keeper. Already, the keepers of boarding-houses and lodging-houses on the sea-coast are uttering cries of alarm at the prospect of having holiday camps in their neighbourhood, which would lure their customers away from them by their greater cheapness. Other opposition to the camps comes from happy people who have retired to some beauty spot, confident of solitude and peace, and who fear that their beloved countryside may be ruined by unsightly buildings and mobs of the rowdy, gramophone-playing young. Even though I belong to the pro-camp party, my own attitude might be summed up in the phrase: "Camps, but not near my cottage." Spending as much of my time as possible in Surrey, I feel that the camps ought to be built in Sussex or, perhaps, Wiltshire. This is selfish, but the selfishness is in a measure justified. It is justified by the fact that nearly all new buildings are ugly and that nearly all crowds contain a number of noise-loving people who prefer bad music to good and who keep on playing it hour after hour, turning a once quiet countryside into Bedlam. Hence it seems to me important, not only to build camps but to have them designed by architects who will see to it that they fit harmoniously into the landscape and are not mere ugly eruptions on the face of nature, and to have some sort of order which will prevent the hideous din that at present rises after nightfall from many a holiday camp on many a river-bank. After all, the builder who destroys a countryside is a public enemy no less than the bomber who destroys the builder's houses; and, as for the noise-lovers, why should noise that would be forbidden in Belgrave Square be tolerated in country places?

My reasons for objecting to billeting are equally selfish and equally well-justified. I am ready to defend it as an emergency measure; but, as a permanent means of dealing with

the refugee problem, I fancy it would put too great a strain on human nature. After all, even in time of peace, how unpleasant it would be to have to live in the same house with any but people for whom one had some affection? If a complete stranger were billeted on one, one might find one liked him, but suppose he were a bore who got on one's nerves and made every meal a misery! Even in a large hotel it is sometimes difficult to escape from the chief bore of the place, but in one's own house escape would be impossible. And one might be just as much a bore to the bore as the bore was to oneself. This would not make either for brotherly love or for happiness.

And to live with strange children in the house might be equally unpleasant. We all love children, but we do not all love all children at close quarters. Some we could easily get to dislike. Many of them, even among the likeable ones, would turn a country cottage into a Gehenna with their enviable and natural boisterousness. A friend of mine recently lent his cottage to a refugee family which included two children, and, returning a fortnight later, found the name-board on the front gate torn off and left in fragments, and the hinge of his back-gate broken. How nerve-racking it would be to have to live for four years with high-spirited young people with that lust for destruction that so often accompanies high spirits!

I agree that it is better to have one's house destroyed by high-spirited children than to have the children destroyed by bombs from aeroplanes, and that, if camps are not built in time, then in the event of war there must be billeting. But I can see the point-of-view of the realists who know that, after the first flush of hospitality, they will not like it. Nor, I suspect, will the unhappy billeted. But, if war does come, I doubt whether many Englishmen will feel that they are defending their country by defending their homes against English children. "Your Home is Threatened"—that, no doubt, will be true, but the menace will not come from a child in flight from bombing aeroplanes. Nor will Bolshevism have triumphed in England if the door is opened, either from the inside or from the outside, to the child. If there is a war, much worse things than that will happen before the enemy is defeated; and Magna Charta will be temporarily forgotten even by the United Ratepayers. Y. Y.

Miscellany

SOME NOTES ON MR. ELIOT'S NEW PLAY

ON Tuesday the 21st the first performance of Mr. T. S. Eliot's new verse play, *The Family Reunion*, was given at The Westminster Theatre. It is a drama of the inner life. The character contrast which runs through it—the test applied to all the characters in the play—is whether he or she attempts to live on the surface and *pretends* (that is all that is possible) to ignore the spiritual destiny of man, or accepts a predicament which is essentially tragic. If I had grasped this while in the theatre instead of only when on my return home, I should not have been so perplexed by the play. The characters who wilfully shut their eyes and seek to enjoy sham happiness by living superficially are the mother (Lady Monchensey, excellently acted by Miss Helen Haye), two of her sisters, her two brothers-in-law and Dr. Warburton; those who face the obligations and pain of living in reality in various degrees are Lady Monchensey's third sister, Agatha (amazingly well interpreted by Miss Catharine Lacy), her young cousin, Mary, and, of course, her eldest son, Harry (Michael Redgrave: surprisingly good in a most difficult part) whose conscience is, so to speak, the seat of the drama.

The theme of this drama is retribution and expiation. It postulates a supernatural conception of sin. The dramatic method employed is (*a*) a blending of symbolism and realism (Ibsen's later method and the most poetic way of dealing with dramas of the inner life) and (*b*) a device which Eugene O'Neill used in that extraordinarily interesting experiment, *Strange Interlude*, namely, that of making the characters on the stage speak their thoughts and feelings aloud, not as in traditional drama in the form of brief conventional asides or set soliloquies, but in order to convey to the audience a running contrast between what they are saying to each other, and those thoughts and feelings they are withholding or even stifling unconsciously in themselves.

* * *

This is obviously an extremely difficult device to handle. I cannot say that Mr. Eliot has employed it throughout with that psychological tact towards his audience which is absolutely essential if the effect is not to be more grotesque than impressive. In a sense, too, it is a "get-out." It is a way of circumventing what is the great difficulty in handling on the stage a drama of the inner life; namely, of writing dialogue which shall be realistically plausible and yet every line of which, however commonplace and natural, shall *suggest* to us what is going on privately at the back of the speakers' minds. Ibsen was the great master of this art. Chehov hit upon a device which was a sort of half-way compromise, realistically justified by the Russian temperament—that of the soliloquy *à deux*. Recall how often in his plays conversation between two or more characters takes the form of each pursuing aloud their own thoughts instead of answering directly what is said to them. They don't listen to each other, but continue to speak out of themselves as though they were alone or as if the other person (who is also talking in the same way) were passively listening. In fiction Virginia Woolf uses this monologistic form of dialogue at points where traditional novelists (claiming the privileges of an omniscient observer) would have simply stated what was going on inside the heads of people, while they were *talking* about something else. The O'Neill experiment, which Mr. Eliot has followed, is deliberately to make the thoughts or feelings of his characters audible to the audience, without attempting to make soliloquy, as Chehov did, consonant with the realistic surface of the dialogue. Indeed, Mr. Eliot goes a step further. At certain points in the dialogue where a group of people are presented as embodying the same reactions, they are made to speak the same words in chorus. Thus, suddenly, in the middle of humorously realistic chit-chat, to which in turn each of them has contributed some characteristic trifle, Harry's uncles and aunts (always with the exception of Agatha, who does not cling to the make-belief surface of life) will start speaking the same words in chorus. This device is a failure, and for two reasons. It weakens still further the actuality of the scene before our eyes, and thus the intensity of what we feel about it; and, secondly, words muttered in unison have the inevitable effect of ritual responses—as it might be, "Lord, have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to obey this Law." Realism, whether on the stage or on the written page, is primarily a means to increasing our fellow-feeling with imaginary characters and strengthening our faith in the situation presented. It is a very powerful means indeed, never to be lightly sacrificed, except in order to gain another intensity, poetic or symbolic, more valuable still. Here the destruction of plausibility is complete. The audience may have adapted their imaginations to the new convention of characters speaking their private thoughts aloud; but when a London clubman, a Bayswater boarding-house lady, a retired colonel and a well-to-do widow, who the moment before have been making typical remarks, suddenly start murmuring in chorus, then the last refuge of willing make-believe in us is destroyed. It is hard enough for actors to mark by their delivery from the stage the difference between the spoken *thoughts* and the spoken *words* which the author puts in their mouths. It can only be done by uttering the former with a peculiarly personal self-withdrawn intonation, and this is impossible when they are made to speak in unison, when to be audible they have to keep in strict time with each other. It is the difference between walking and marching.

A man may express his individuality by his gait, but not in the ranks. Thus in this play at times when the words should seem to be proceeding out of the depths of an individual mind, they reach our ears like a singing-lesson or a liturgy. Mr. Eliot's "chorus" of uncles and aunts implies a violation of auditory psychology.

* * *

How did he come to make it? That is an interesting question connected with my fundamental criticism of his play. Evidently his theme—retribution and expiation—occurred to him first in the form of Greek drama. Eugene O'Neill had adapted in *Mourning Becomes Electra* with extraordinary, tragic effect the Greek conception of Destiny and the whole of the Clytemnestra-Agamemnon story. It was a masterpiece, thanks fundamentally to the inspiration which made him perceive in the modern theory of the Unconscious—a power which pushes us into behaving against our will—a close parallel to the Greek conception of Destiny. Mr. Eliot has perceived a relation between the Greek Furies and remorse or a maddened conscience. But note this. O'Neill got his effect without using *Greek* mythology. Had he introduced the Eumenides in the last Act as symbols of Orry's remorse, they would not only have left us cold but made nonsense of an intensely tragic situation. The Eumenides are not for us recognised symbols of remorse and retribution. They are not part of the furniture of our minds as, in a shadowy way, guardian angels and devils still are. They carry no guns, so to speak; the mention of their name, let alone a glimpse of them through a modern drawing-room window, awakes no sensation of dim disgust and terror in our hearts. They are hopeless symbols for Mr. Eliot's purpose. If he had put his story of remorse and expiation into a Greek setting, Furies would have been in place, but he could not expect us to shiver at the idea of a young lord being pursued on his travels by those monsters (visible also to his chauffeur and a young lady cousin) and of his finding them waiting in his old home.

It is the greatest pity that Mr. Eliot in writing this play about the place of the conscience in life ever took off on a Greek foot. The temper of his mind, too, is entirely Christian, not Greek. I know the Greeks to propitiate evil powers called them by flattering names, and the Eumenides were superstitiously referred to as "the good ones" for fear of being dogged by them. But the whole point of Mr. Eliot's play is that they (these embodiments of remorse and thwarted spiritual aspirations) are really guiding angels which must be welcomed and followed, if man is to find peace. Why in that case introduce Greek mythology at all? It is maddening. This play shows that Mr. Eliot has it in him to write a masterpiece on a theme nearer his thoughts than any other: on the problem of wickedness and the salvation of the soul. But the Greeks are the last people in the world to help him in that. He might have presented this young man, who perhaps—it is even left in doubt whether he ever did more than contemplate doing it—pushed his silly wife overboard, as *haunted* on his return to take up his life as a country squire. We can still suspend disbelief in regard to revengeful ghosts, and be interested in them, too, if they stand at the same time for spiritual torture. But (*vide* Macbeth) certainly no one else ought to see the spectre of his conscience.

There was another less fundamental flaw in *The Family Reunion* which threw me for a long time off the track. In the opening scenes the family are presented as living in dread. The mother says, "We must not mention to Harry anything that has happened during the last eight years," and one of the others says, "That will be difficult." Of course, the audience thinks that there is a ghastly family secret. But the only skeleton in the cupboard let loose is Harry's own confession on his arrival that, while away, he had drowned his detested wife. Why, then, should the *family* be under a curse? The mother turns out to be more sinned against than sinning—except in so far as she is one of those who deny the importance of the spiritual life. It was Harry's dead father who, before Harry was born, had thought of murdering *her*, and had been restrained by Agatha who loved him. Surely this is confusing. But—and that "but" is an enormous one—there are passages of intense significance concerned with the difference between ignoring spiritual realities and facing them. The play is also an example of how to write a modern play in verse. Mr. Eliot has used a kind of subtle verse, based on iambic blank verse, which can be delivered as prose, or at moments of high emotion, stressed rhythmically so as to carry us into the region of poetry: a great achievement and one of pioneer importance. The diction, too, is fine, clear and impeccable.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

GRIEF'S REFLECTION

IN the Cretan winding of the brain,
Finding my way by the dropped thread
From the present world driven insane,
To the sanity of the dead,
I grew callous toward the slain,
The millions mutilated,
The maimed children of China and Spain
Fugitive, stricken dumb;
And the generation to come
Warped in the womb.

I turned from this reality
And looked in Ariadne's loom,
Map of the labyrinth, the grey
Corridors of time and thought
Where the past lurks like the Bull.

And what I saw was beautiful;
An old death, a brother dying,
His music at that moment wrought
And frozen, and falling silently,
Snowy sound, with the storm done,
Covering a vanished day,
For a white eternity
Settled there, forever lying.

What might this be, I wondered;
Since no man might condone
My craven flight into the past,
The responsibility pondered
And dropped, the retreat alone,
The seeking of a private grief
In the brain's labyrinthine path,
Snatching therefrom some relief
From to-day's universal wrath?

But there's no answer. No, none!
The gentle loss, the musician dying
Holding a brother's hand, my hand,
Sweet life resigning with a sigh:
All this, forgotten for so long,
Or recalled like an old song,
Is now a stabbing agony!
And in response I have lost sight
Of our immediate grief, the lost
Millions in this European night
Of tyranny and holocaust.

RICHARD CHURCH

FRENCH CARICATURE AT THE NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES

WHAT an admirable plan to give us an *Exhibition of a Century of French Caricature:* and what a pity that it should not be more comprehensive! But then (one reflects) had it been more comprehensive, the exhibition would have occupied at least half a dozen rooms and the exhibits would have numbered not as at present some two hundred and forty two, but perhaps altogether several thousand. The spiritual vitality of a nation

is reflected in a capacity for self-ridicule: and it is indicative of French greatness during the nineteenth century that Paris should have thrown up so many brilliant caricaturists to comment on every aspect of the national life. In another respect, too, the title of the exhibition is possibly a little misleading. One finds on the walls of the New Burlington Galleries comparatively few works produced *before* the Revolution, and these works (with the exception of a fascinating page of sketches by Dominique-Vivant Denon, depicting Voltaire's head in thirty different postures, and Debucourt's famous aquatint, *Promenade de la Galerie du Palais Royal*) are the weakest and most uninteresting part of the show.

But the Directoire precipitated a tremendous outburst of satirical energy. Debucourt's skill and grace were again in demand; and the scene shifts to the drawing-rooms of Madame Tallien and Josephine Beauharnais, peopled by a world of incredible *sans-chemises*, with their gauzy classical draperies, serpentine locks, bejewelled toes, and by male dandies with huge coat-collars, voluminous neck-cloths and poodle heads, in a setting of Egyptian or Etruscan elegance. The whole period breathes a kind of ferocious oddity . . . With Carle Vernet, we enter the epoch of the Allied Occupation, when foreign notabilities crowded the streets, frogged and epauletted Russian officers were to be observed bidding an expansive farewell to recently acquired Parisian mistresses, lanky English aide-de-camps galloped to and fro, displaying their pale blue eyes and prominent teeth, and middle-class tourists wandered in stolid groups round the conquered capital.

Occupation prepared the way for Restoration; the sluggish absolutism of Charles X (who prided himself on having learned nothing since 1789) is hit off by Decamps in *Le Pieu Monarque* where the king is represented as a wooden post surmounted by a toppling royal crown and surrounded by emblems of sloth and lethargy; while the immediate sequel appears in a further lithograph—not strictly speaking a caricature at all—which shows the representative of the proletariat, in shirt sleeves and Phrygian cap, guarding the entrance of the Tuileries: "*Eh! camarade, on n'entre pas en veste ici . . .*"

Alas, the August rising which dethroned the Bourbons brought back the Orléans; and it was reserved for Louis Philippe—in some respects a not ill-intentioned ruler—to stir French caricaturists to their finest efforts. There was something about the personality of the *bourgeois* monarch—his umbrella, his chubby pear-shaped features, his timid vacillating liberalism—that gave satirical draughtsmen just the target they needed; and "*La Poire*" became a universal and glorious cock-shy. Forty Daumiers are hung in this exhibition; and, though twice as many might have been included with advantage, they help to illustrate the extraordinary scope of the artist's powers—ranging from the calligraphic, slightly Oriental beauty of *Un Voyage d'agrément* . . . (third-class passengers on the top of a train caught in an unexpected rain storm) to the biting indignation of *Le Ventre Legislatif* and *Rue Transnonain*. The former is one of Daumier's most damning efforts; obscurantism, prejudice, greed and stupidity are reflected by every face on the ministerial benches; and the effect produced is as dark and nightmarish as a Goya etching. Guizot's saturnine profile sunk in his shirt collar suggests a villainous provincial lawyer turned ecclesiastic . . . .

From the dour eloquence of Daumier one moves on to the frivolous versatility of Sulpice-Guillaume Chevalier, better known as Gavarni. No competent study of this curious and gifted personage has yet appeared in English. Dandy and man of pleasure, dress-designer, caricaturist, professional illustrator, amateur mathematician, he epitomises a certain aspect of the Parisian 'thirties, the hey-day of Romantic whims in art and literature, of diaphanous, consumptive courtesans, and the *debardeurs* and *debardeuses* of the Opera Balls. His world is that of the boudoir, the box, the supper-room; his heroines are the *lorettes* and *lionnes* of the Parisian *demi-monde;* his male protagonists follow the grand tradition of Lucien de Rubempré, with a touch of added cynicism that might have been supplied by Stendhal. Gavarni's draughtsmanship is invariably accomplished, if not always distinguished; and it is interesting to note that, whereas Daumier often worked to a set theme, Gavarni invented his own captions—many of them as acute and as diverting as the drawings themselves.

To roughly the same period as Gavarni's most successful series of lithographs belong the caricature-statuettes executed by Jean-Pierre Dantan between 1833 and 1834. Little is known of this sculptor's work in England; and the Exhibition is lucky enough to be able to show seven examples of his really astonishing satirical virtuosity—among others an excellent full-length figure of Comte Alfred d'Orsay, every inch Lady Blessington's epicene favourite, a magnificently amusing impression of Lord Sefton and characteristic heads of Tallyrand and Samuel Rogers, the latter being described in the catalogue by a misprint that would certainly have enraged its subject as "Poet Barber" instead of "Poet-Banker"!

Lastly, a word for the collection of *English Caricatures of the Napoleonic Period* which occupies the room on the left of the entrance. They are good—yet, by comparison, how heavy-handed!—these visions of a bloated Regent disporting himself among elephantine mistresses, claret-nosed boon companions and pot-bellied younger brothers. Nevertheless, one pauses to admire several splendid Gillrays and Rowlandson's charming aquatint, *A Sudden Squall in Hyde Park*, and to enjoy the fantastic humours of George and Isaac Cruikshank. The coloured mezzotints after John Collet's "original pictures" are among the glories of this section of the exhibition and should start a vogue for the works of that engaging artist. His style is as voluptuous as it is unsophisticated—an odd mixture of *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Fanny Hill!*

PETER QUENNELL

TASTES OF LISTENERS

THE B.B.C., we are told, "has been investigating the problem of programme preferences of the public." Such is the journalese description of something which the B.B.C. has been doing. I refuse to admit the existence of any problem in "the problem of programme preferences of the public," and I surmise that for "B.B.C." we may read some timid, nervous, harassed official who does not feel capable of judging for himself between the claims made upon programmes by the various departments and correspondents of the B.B.C. and seeks to know what the public wants—which is the sign of a modest but not the sign of an enlightened man.

In these days when nobody appears to believe in anything, let me assure readers that I not only believe but am certain that the public at large (and I refer to the public of every country) has no tastes, no preferences, but only habits—most of which are at present bad. Distinct tastes or preferences, if they have anything more real behind them than mere lip-service, are the mark of rare, highly developed individuals who have learned to think and to feel for themselves. Such people are difficult to turn from their tastes; but it is well known to those who are engaged in moulding public opinion that, given time and money enough, it is possible to turn the mass of people from one thing to another just as one pleases. We can, however, add something to this. We can truthfully say that it is common human nature to recognise what is easy quicker than what is difficult and generally to take the line of least resistance. For example, it is easier to read a newspaper than to read a book, it is easier to look at a picture paper than to read a newspaper. Corollary: more people will be found reading newspapers than books in trains, trams and omnibuses; therefore we may describe newspapers as being more popular than books, and picture papers such as the *Daily Sketch* and the *Daily Mirror* as being more popular than newspapers like the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times*.

A civilised public is a public of civilised habits, into which it must be trained, for it will not acquire them without effort. Such investigations as the B.B.C. has just completed ought to qualify those who make them and draw any conclusions as to the forming of programmes upon them

for inclusion in the category of the blind leading the blind. It never seems to occur to these investigators that the intensity of the feeling aroused by this or that programme is a vital factor. One listener's vivid enjoyment of a programme would weigh down in any ultimate scales a thousand listeners' satisfied habitual acquiescence. Is the quality of response something that is to be totally ignored? But how is it to be measured?

It ought not to be necessary to try to measure it. The officials of the B.B.C. should be people of sufficient education and intellectual and emotional development to know, without asking, what the response will be from the nature of the programme itself. Does a Professor of Poetry at Oxford University ask his class whether it prefers Edward Lear to Milton? Does he not know the answer already? But he knows also that nonsense rhyming owes its virtue to non-nonsense rhyming. To stick permanently and for ever in the mid$t of nonsense is to be deprived of the possibility of any real enjoyment—which is the true situation of all those listeners who, according to statistics, listen preferably to cinema organs and would have them playing day and night.

Variety and cinema organs, it appears, are the most popular features of the B.B.C. programmes, and chamber music is the least popular. Such is the result of "taking the views of representative listeners." It is a marvellous conclusion! Really the heads of the B.B.C. who made this investigation will be inquiring next whether two and two make together four, or whether it is painful to sit upon a large, sharp-pointed tack!

Presently it will occur to someone at the B.B.C. to make an inquiry as to why cinema organs and variety programmes are so popular. In order to save the B.B.C. from the expense and its staff from the labour of such an investigation, I shall here provide the B.B.C. with the answers.

Let us first compare a cinema organ with a string quartet and tabulate their corresponding advantages and disadvantages.

A Cinema Organ requires:	*A String Quartet requires:*
(*a*) One performer who need not be a musician.	(*a*) Four excellent musicians.
(*b*) No music.	(*b*) A repertory of masterpieces.
(*c*) Nothing of the audience, not even ears.	(*c*) A trained audience.
(*d*) No favourable conditions.	(*d*) Absolute silence and concentrated attention.
(*e*) Any sort of acoustics.	(*e*) Very good acoustics.

Is it not clear, even from this simple preliminary table, why organs are put into modern cinemas and not string quartets?

Perhaps the gentlemen of the B.B.C. need enlightening on a few other points. One very pertinent matter is the effect of noise on human beings. Suppose the B.B.C. were to institute an inquiry as to whether more people could hear a 3.7in. gun go off at Tower Hill than could hear the oboist give the note A to the B.B.C. orchestra in the Queen's Hall. Apparently they would be surprised to learn that the gun has it. But perhaps they might expect more people to *enjoy* hearing the oboe to the gun? They are quite wrong. The emotional reaction to the gun is much greater. A plebiscite will prove it. Even oysters have been known to fall dead at the sound of a gun, but an oyster has not nearly so highly differentiated a brain as the average B.B.C. listener and his response to the oboe would be nil.

The popularity of cinema organs is a sign of the dullness and insensitiveness of some of the most important brain centres in the average person and is *not* a sign of his preference or taste for cinema organs. No European man or woman who is musical, that is to say, who has developed that part of his brain which is sensitive to sounds and to a recognition of sound relationships can endure the modern cinema organ. He cannot endure it precisely because he *listens* and cannot help listening; but the vast majority of the public—especially that which has become inured through habit—does *not* listen. It is only conscious of a stimulating noise from which it gets a series of shocks like the oyster. Noise is recognised as a powerful stimulant. It makes people excited and that is why it is used in restaurants and in cinemas. Naturally, since it is mere noise which the cinema organ produces it mingles with all the other innumerable noises of a popular cinema and adds to the general cheerfulness. Or seems to! But what is the state of mind and spirit of the people when they have ultimately emerged from this noise? Boredom and depression. They carry nothing away, they have had no intellectual or emotional experience to remember and reflect upon. Their one desire is to get back into the noise again so as to be distracted. What moral is one to draw from this? A very important one, which is—that it is not the function of the B.B.C. to supply so-called popular programmes or to ask the public what it likes, but to supply good and varied programmes and to give to the public what is liked by men and women of education who are not corrupted or demoralised by bad or easy-going habits, but are chosen for their intelligence and for their broad and catholic tastes to direct the B.B.C. And to direct means to lead and not to be led!

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Marriage of Blood," The Stage Society, Savoy Theatre

After misfiring in many respects for two acts, Mr. Michel St. Denis's production of Lorca's intense peasant tragedy pulled itself together in the last act and went with the bang that the Spanish genius demands. It is a genius that depends on its top notes; yet also it is regional and provincial. For all the poetry and the talk of love, death and the power of the little knife, smaller than a man's hand, to destroy years of human hope and fruition, one never quite rids oneself of the suspicion that Lorca has not altogether detached his theme from the *faits divers* of the Granada newspaper. The Spanish passion for the elemental and universal, *tout nu*, puts our unrhetorical and non-Homeric actors in a predicament. One imagines that the homelier Abbey Theatre, which knows its peasants, would have been less wooden than this company was at the beginning and considerably more festive in the two difficult bridal scenes in the middle of the play. The Basque dances were pathetic and the folk-songs inaudible. Lorca had set translators (John Langdon-Davies and P. Weissberger), producer and actors a hard problem and they tackled it arduously if also courageously. The Spanish tongue tempts the translator to the stark and literal; but to succeed, the manner demands rhetorical power, dramatic gesture and a feeling for idiosyncrasy in the actor. Mr. David Markham, as the tragic bridegroom, alone showed a sustained ability to make character out of a part which otherwise would have been tediously stark. Against him, his bride, Miss Vera Lindsay, made a success of a primitive interpretation by her strikingly sullen appearance and her capacity for skirling out the demands and revulsions of passion and the dignity and indignity of remorse. Her entrance in the last act was tremendous. These two actors illustrated the different ways the play might have achieved Lorca's intention. The setting had a similar indecisiveness. It opened like a pretty piece of Martinez Sierra, went on to a good old nineteenth-century wood—where Lorca's surrealist moon, played well by Mr. Basil Longton, had a bizarre horror—and ended with unexpected success in something by Wadsworth out of Dali. For this last scene alone the play is worth seeing; everyone rises to the occasion and one comes away violently moved. Its shortcomings should not deter one from seeing a play that is, after all, far more interesting than a lot of the commercial theatre which makes fewer mistakes and says nothing. A further performance is to be given on March 26th in aid of the Spanish Writers Relief Committee.

Rouault at the Zwemmer Gallery

This exhibition is principally made up of the illustrations made by Rouault for two books, his own *Cirque*, and André Suares's *Passion*. These magnificent volumes, published by M. Vollard, the friend of Cézanne, Renoir and Degas, at once take their places as masterpieces of book-production. The coloured etchings, here exhibited in frames for separate sale, have all the appearance of original *gouaches*, and are entirely worthy of Rouault's genius. This eminently Catholic painter finds the human tragedy hardly less conspicuous under the Big Top of the circus than in the Christian story of the Passion: his clowns and acrobats are toiling up a Via Dolorosa. His technical mastery is highly impressive: a scaffolding of black lines, suggestive of the leading in stained glass, supports compartments of heavy glowing colour, reminiscent of the windows of Chartres and Le Mans.

In dramatic expressiveness these Rouault illustrations are unsurpassed by contemporary work in any of the arts; Claudel probably affords the closest parallel.

Kenneth Wood at the Wertheim Gallery
John Tunnard at Guggenheim Jeune

Not since the Graham Sutherland show at Rosenberg's have we seen an exhibition by a young English painter so promising as Mr. Kenneth Wood's. His water-colours and drawings reveal a romantic temperament, for which we cannot be grateful enough at a time when terror of emotion threatens to become the general vogue. His colour and drawing are remarkably expressive, and can either present a convincing summary of a landscape or create an interior heavy with dramatic possibilities. Several of the best exhibits are inspired by the recent *Antigone* at Cambridge—indeed, the water-colour of Creon strikes us as the best work in this very impressive show. Mr. Wood adapts most skilfully strong *chiaroscuro* and calligraphic drawing to his imaginative purposes, while his use of water-colour achieves a beautiful luminosity. It will be interesting to see what this most gifted artist can do with oils, for he seems to have in him the roots of the matter.

Mr. John Tunnard's abstract paintings have one great advantage—they are conspicuously pretty. His colour-sense is charming, his texture varied and interesting. The forms, egg-like or wiry, are mostly geometrical, and very elaborate, but do not seem very significant. In any case, the effect of the works seem to us merely, though agreeably, decorative. Mr. Herbert Read has suggested that the badness of the age justifies or compels the artist's retreat into a "hermetic" phase, but we suspect that such a retreat is usually a sign only of individual weakness. Not more than three or four painters have succeeded in making abstract pictures that are more than tasteful. Mr. Tunnard, however, presumably knows best his own limitations, and we are grateful for objects so pleasant and so well made.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, March 25th—

Association for Education in Citizenship Week-end Conference on "The Formation of Public Opinion," University Hall of Residence, Liverpool. And on March 26th.
Fabian Society Conference on "The German Advance to the South-East," High Leigh, Hoddesdon. And on March 26th.
J. Lehmann: "Shevchenko, the Ukrainian Poet," Friends House, 8.

SUNDAY, March 26th—

Susan Stebbing: "Science and 'Hidden Reality,'" Conway Hall, 11.
Recital by Yehudi Menuhin, Albert Hall, 3.
W. J. Jordan: "The Policy and Work of the New Zealand Government," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
Public Meeting on behalf of Spanish Relief, Houldsworth Hall, Manchester, 8.
London Theatre Concert, Cambridge Theatre, 8.30.
"Marriage of Blood," Savoy, to aid Spanish Writers and their families. Tickets from Stage Society, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue.

TUESDAY, March 28th—

W. Arthur Lewis: "The Labour Movement in the British West Indies," Friends House, 1.20.
Dr. Ruth von Schulze Gävernitz: "Palestine and the Near East," first of six lectures, University College, 6.15. Course, 5s.
Public Meeting of Hampstead Petition Committee. Speaker: Sir Stafford Cripps, Hampstead Town Hall, 8.
Concert by Pablo Casals with the London Symphony Orchestra to aid Spanish Children, Albert Hall, 8.15.
"Lady Fanny," Duke of York's.
"The Doctor's Dilemma," Whitehall.

WEDNESDAY, March 29th—

Party and Auction of Pictures for Spanish Relief, 26 York Terrace, N.W.1., 9. And on March 30th and 31st.
"Tolstoy," production by the Curtain Players, Moreland Hall, Hampstead.
"Heaven and Charing Cross," St. Martin's.

THURSDAY, March 30th—

Dr. Jenö Lányi: "New Aspects of Donatello," Warburg Institute, 5.30. And on April 3rd.
Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
A Recital by d'Alvarez and Egon Petri in aid of Spain, 2 St. John's Wood Studios, 8.30.

FRIDAY, March 31st—

Performance by the Mask Theatre Club, Rudolf Steiner Hall.

Correspondence

PLEA FOR COMPROMISE

SIR,—Your leader on "A Plea for Compromise" is most timely. The only result so far as I can see up to the present of the dispute between Sir Stafford Cripps and the National Executive has been to damage the Labour Party.

I for one, resent the irresponsible putting out of a half-baked programme of a dozen headings which I am perfectly certain would not endure a fortnight in a Cabinet of Labour and Liberal leaders. For all that, if Sir Stafford Cripps and his friends have faith in these "proposals" they are entitled to have them discussed and decided on by a Party Conference.

On the other hand, I cannot imagine a case for expulsion and heresy hunting in a Party that professes loyalty to freedom of speech and opinion.

There ought to be a truce—especially just now—and a chance afforded for a few men of good will to arrange terms that will carry us on to a Whitsuntide Conference, provided always that international conditions allow us such an interval.

Coombe Cottage, ADDISON
Butler's Cross, Bucks.

SIR,—The Labour Party Executive, having taken their stand against a Popular Front, will probably be relieved to hear that Herr Hitler is with them heart and soul:

"It is the greatest mistake," he says in *Mein Kampf*, "to believe that the strength of a movement is increased by fusion with other similar groups. . . . Temporary advantages may result from the fusion of similar political parties but in the long run any success won in this manner is the cause of inner weaknesses which will subsequently appear. . . . The greatness of a movement can only be guaranteed by the unrestricted development of its inner strength, and its enduring growth, until it is finally victorious over all its competitors. . . . Similar movements should compete, not unite. . . . In this way the strongest and swiftest will come to the top and be the victor. . . . A weak group will never turn into a strong group by co-operating with other groups. On the contrary, a stronger group may often be weakened by such co-operation."

These quotations I came on in Ignazio Silone's *School for Dictators*. Even the dogs get the crumbs off the great man's table. HENRY GIFFORD

Little Mill House,
Newington, Nr. Folkestone.

SIR,—I should like to congratulate you on your article, "A Plea for Compromise." It is good to read a little common sense for once in this miserable affair. From the very first I have refused to follow the extremists on either side. I have held that that part of the Cripps Memorandum which seems to envisage an agreement on a national scale for dividing up constituencies and for drawing up a common programme would be a great mistake. On the other hand, constituency agreements, where local parties so desire, should not be banned by Transport House, for these would, without prejudicing our chances in areas where we are making rapid headway, give a progressive candidate a chance to defeat the Tories, as at Bridgwater, where alone we had no chance. In other words, the Cripps Memorandum had some good points in it and ought to have been discussed in the party in preparation for a decision at the Southport Conference. The action of the National Executive in wrecking this by the expulsion of Cripps was criminal folly. It shows a lack of judgment which, as you rightly say, the late Arthur Henderson would never have committed. It makes one despair of the future of the party if this is to be a sample of the leadership. I give my most unreserved support to you in your plea for putting an end to this disastrous internecine strife and for finding a compromise which would be honourable both to the National Executive and to the supporters of Sir Stafford Cripps. M. PHILIPS PRICE

House of Commons.

SIR,—In view of the grave turn in international affairs it is surely time to heal internal differences within the Labour Party. It appears that the National Executive as such is not opposed to "local pacts," and, indeed, speaking at the Conference of the London Labour Party on March 4th, Mr. Herbert Morrison stated that he personally was in favour of such agreements.

The difficulty about "local pacts" is that each local Labour

and Liberal Party mean by a "local pact" that they will be prepared to accept the support of the other Party for their candidate. The Backwardville and District Labour Party does not see why it should sacrifice the recruiting and organisational opportunities afforded by even a hopeless electoral battle in order to secure Liberal support for a Labour candidate at Stick-in-the-Mud, and the Stick-in-the-Mud Labour Party feel the same way about the Backwardville candidate.

It may be that this difficulty could be overcome if the local decision was confined to whether or not there should be a pact and if the naming of the Party in whose favour the pact should operate in each particular constituency were left to some outside body. Perhaps some arrangement could be worked out on the following lines.

Those constituency parties who felt that a pact was desirable in their area would approach the local Liberal party to see if they were of the same mind. If this was so, they would agree with the local Liberal party that there should be only one Opposition candidate, and that both parties would give this candidate their whole-hearted support. The local Party would then ask the National Executive to put them on the list of constituencies in which pacts were desirable. When this list was complete and all local parties had had time to consider their decisions, the National Executive of the Labour party would meet the National Executive of the Liberal party, and together they would allot the constituencies between the two Parties, each local party on the list having agreed to abide by this allocation.

I put forward this suggestion in the hope that it may afford a basis for negotiation between the Executive and the dissidents. It is a scheme which would avoid the difficulty of agreeing a programme, and would certainly not reduce Labour's chance of obtaining an absolute majority. R. T. PAGET

3 Hare Court, Temple, E.C.4.

THE CAMERONIANS

SIR,—Mr. Garnett is at fault in his article on Harrap's French and English Dictionary, Part II, in your issue of March 18th, where he discusses the word "Cameronian." Mr. Garnett has confused two separate regiments which not only are totally unconnected but are sometimes a little irritated at being mistaken one for the other. The regiments are:

(1) The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, the 79th Regiment of Foot, a kilted regiment based on the Clan Cameron and raised by Sir Alan Cameron of Lochiel in 1793: and

(2) The Cameronians (The Scottish Rifles), a Rifle regiment of lowlanders embodied in 1689 from the survivors of the followers of John Cameron, the founder of a Scottish religious sect that was of great importance among the Covenanters. The Cameronians do not now wear, and never have worn, the Kilt.

Two regiments more dissimilar in history, in tradition, and in uniform it is difficult to choose out of the entire range of Scottish Infantry regiments. Only the names are alike, and about names people are liable to be touchy. How would Mr. Garnett like to be identified with Mr. Agate? After all, both are the names of semi-precious stones. E. M. FRASER

13 Markham Square, S.W.3.

POPULATION

SIR,—The falling birth rate is not so alarming as its causes. The sound reasons for the growing practice of contraception can be seen in any newspaper; the report on housing and tuberculosis in Wales and photographs of gas masks for babies are too serious deterrents to would-be parents. Indeed, could contraceptive knowledge be made really available throughout Europe to-day the resulting fall in birth rates might go far to encourage their own cure.

Mr. L. J. Cadbury fears that the decrease in births will leave our grandchildren with an undue proportion of the aged to care for. He regrets the expansionist days of the nineteenth century, and that "we cannot ever again have such a young nation as those steadily increasing numbers made possible." But he leaves out of his calculations the advances in social justice and the distribution of wealth which some of us hope the falling birth rate, and the consequent enhanced value of child life, may encourage.

After all, never was a heavier burden placed upon the backs of the children of this country than in the expansionist days of the nineteenth century. Population expansion of that period was accompanied by a disregard for child happiness and health, and even of life, which we hope never again to witness.

But the falling birth rate is a fact, and one thing which Dr. Harry Roberts, Mr. Cadbury and I can agree on is that we should cherish the children who are already here, wasting and forgotten in our own depressed areas, and being destroyed so profligately in Europe and Asia.

I cannot understand why France and England do not open their frontiers to receive at least all child refugees of normal mental and physical standards. If we took in these homeless victims of Fascist contempt for child life we would gain a great many new young citizens who had had some of their unproductive first years borne by other countries.

Let us keep those Basques already in our country who do not wish to return to Franco Spain; take in more and more of the Catalonian, Jewish, German, Czech and Central European children and assimilate them into our national life. These children are already in existence, alive and suffering. Whether they ever should have been born is doubtful, but not relevant. If we take them in we will satisfy our hearts and consciences and allay our anxiety lest our own children have too few companions to share with them the burdens of adult life.

64 Aylestone Avenue, BARBARA PEARCE
Brondesbury Park, N.W.6.

SIR,—Just a very few lines in acknowledgment of the two letters in your last issue commenting on my article on "Our Diminishing Fertility." Mr. Cadbury's letter I cannot answer; because, although his final sentence reads: "These are further considerations which make the policy I advocate desirable," he omits to tell us what *is* the policy he advocates.

Mr. Halford devotes most of his letter to an indignant protest against my suggestion that, "if we want to raise the birth rate, we must treat motherhood as honourable—not only within, but equally without, marriage. Neither economically nor socially should a girl or woman be punished for bearing a child." Mr. Halford applauds the general "prejudice against the unmarried mother." I, on the other hand, am delighted to see signs of the decay of this (as I think, revolting and wicked) prejudice not only in Bloomsbury, but also in Stepney and nearly everywhere else.

63 Harford Street, HARRY ROBERTS
Stepney, E.1.

SIR,—In expressing his views last week upon this subject was not Mr. Cadbury leaving an important factor out of account? Assuming the absence of war and social upheaval, the result of scientific research may be, not only to lengthen life considerably, but to improve its quality. That is to say, the mental and physical efficiency of the later years of life may be greatly improved. The effect would be to lighten the burden of the old upon the young. The burden, however, is not only that of the old. The loss of time and reduced capacity consequent upon sickness amongst the workers weigh heavily on the community. Hospitals, mental institutions, sanatoria and nursing homes are not maintained solely in the interest of the aged. The raising of the general standard of health would put a different complexion on the problem of population. Science may make hay with the estimates and deductions based on statistics, and, in ways not yet appreciated, may change the character of this problem. L. HARTLAND

35 Hampstead Lane, N.6.

SPANISH REFUGEES

SIR,—The efforts of those people and organisations in Perpignan who are trying to save some of the many men of fine intelligence and ability who are now imprisoned in concentration camps, are seriously hampered by two major obstacles.

The first is the increasing reluctance of the Prefets of Departments (it rests entirely in their hands in France) to grant the necessary permissions for the admission of refugees into their Departments, even when armed with all the necessary guarantees from domiciled persons or recognised organisations.

The second obstacle is the delay in obtaining answers from the British Home Office. Guarantors and offers of hospitality have been received by organisations down here. Papers are filled in and lists made of all those for whom definite applications (in accordance with all regulations and guarantees) have been received. These papers and lists are sent to the Home Office for inspection. The Home Office should then return the lists with permits to admit all those acceptable. Up to date the Home Office have

been very slow. If the formalities are observed, why should it take weeks to get a reply? Is it bad organisation and overwork? Or is it more than that? Is it a disinclination to admit these Spaniards to the country where their friends are waiting anxiously to receive them?

If it is this latter reason, wouldn't it be better to say straight out that England will have no Spaniards, intelligent or otherwise, vouched for or not? In that case the money given and the energies of those who *do* wish to save these people and their brains could be turned to better use than waiting vainly for replies from a Government office which does not intend to reply. But I would not like to think it is this last reason.

If the Home Office is overworked, which is very comprehensible, couldn't a separate department be formed to deal with the matter, or extra secretaries be employed?

I am not the first to complain of these delays. People have been complaining for months in connection with other problems. Only last Friday a letter appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* from "Two Englishmen." It was dated March 16th and it described the unnecessary and horrifying tragedies which had occurred owing to slowness on the part of the Home Office. The writers of the letter describe foreigners awaiting visas (and they wait for months) whose papers are in order, whose friends are ready and waiting to vouch for them and support them, as being "the peculiar responsibility of the British Government."

Here in Perpignan British and Spanish alike would be grateful if some light could be thrown on the reason for these delays. Grateful, too, I am sure would be all those who are waiting to receive their friends in England, all those who have subscribed to these organisations, not to mention to Spaniards themselves.

Whatever the reason some remedy must be found and that quickly, to speed up this piece of official machinery. The list of unnecessary deaths, and tragedies perhaps worse than death, which has resulted from this slowness, is a long one; and it is getting longer. SUSAN PALMER

Perpignan.

FEUDAL INDIA

SIR,—For an Indian to read a leader on Indian topics in the British press and to approve—is an experience of very recent times. I have noticed this development in England. Your leader, Feudal India, shows a grasp of the details and the essentials that is almost uncanny by the standards hitherto prevalent in England; although by THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S own standards the wonder to an Indian is not that a leader on an Indian subject should be as good as any other of your leaders but that it should be actually better than leaders in Indian papers!

You have hit the nail in this sentence and what follows: "But the politically significant part of the story is that Congress believed and publicly stated that the Thakore was acting under pressure from the British Resident. It was he who . . . advised repression and he who induced the Thakore to withdraw his original concessions. . . ." On this point it should be useful to note further that, after Mr. Gandhi first made grave charges against the Rajkot administration and openly accused the Resident, Mr. E. C. Gibson, of forcing the Thakore's hand to repudiate his promises, a Government communique was issued from New Delhi in reply. In the direct tradition of all such communiques the Government exonerated both Resident and Ruler of all blame in a summary and ineluctable fashion. During the charges and counter charges that followed between the disputants, the Thakore held out stoutly that no promises had been given. The Resident put it differently: he declared that it was unfair to force the Thakore to accept the construction put upon a sentence of his given in writing, since the Thakore Sahib clearly had no intention of saying what the words quoted appeared to mean. Here is the disputed sentence which appears in an announcement from the Thakore, dated February 2nd:

> It is agreed that seven members of the Committee mentioned in Clause 2 of the State Announcement of to-day's date *are to be recommended by Sardar Vallabhai Patel and they are to be nominated by us.* (My italics.)

Whatever the finding of the Chief Justice is to be—Lord Linlithgow has, in advance, left no doubt about the Thakore's "promises." Just before the termination of the fast the tussle was on the issue: the prestige of the British Resident versus the prestige of the Indian National Congress. Mr. Gibson's prestige, both as the Crown Representative and as a British administrator has given way before the recognition of the rights of the States' people. It is important that Mr. Gibson should stand his trial side by side with the Thakore—and be judged.

Bradfield, Berks. FREDOON KABRAJI

FEDERAL UNION

SIR,—You are to be congratulated on the attitude taken in your last issue to Mr. Streit's book *Union Now*. This plea for a federal union of the democracies is the most hopeful and constuctive suggestion put forward since the breakdown of the League of Nations made it necessary for all who desire international order to think what was to supersede it. The great value of Mr. Streit's proposal is that it suggests a constructive policy with which the democracies could confront the totalitarian governments, and which would provide an unassailable unit to safeguard their own interests. The motive would be to show what can be done by democracies in unison and to demonstrate that it is something far more creative than anything which could be achieved by the individual nation state.

It may be true, as your reviewer states, that there was in 1918 no conceivable chance of getting human beings to agree to anything nearer a sane system of international relations and world government than a League of sovereign states, but we question his implication that the conditions are still the same.

It is at least arguable that people everywhere are now aware that there must be not only international consultation but also a common policy between nations. If this is so, there is a real chance of getting a closer union than that of the League, provided that a constructive proposal is put forward. There is no reason why such a union should compete with the existing League of Nations. On the contrary, it should provide a loyal and active member of the League, and would be a nucleus to which other states could accede as soon as they were prepared to accept the terms of membership.

An organisation has been created in this country to stimulate research into the many problems which the consideration of such a Union immediately presents. This is called "Federal Union," and its address is 44 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Mr. Harold Butler, Mr. Lionel Curtis, Mr. Wickham Steed, Professor Arnold Toynbee and Mrs. Barbara Wootton have expressed their sympathy with its aim and have agreed to serve on its Advisory Panel.

J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON ROGER LLOYD
GERALD BULLETT OLAF STAPLEDON

CASALS

SIR,—London has had a recent opportunity of appreciating the work of one of Spain's greatest sons—Picasso. Next week her other great artist son—the musician Pau Casals lends his genius to the help of the destitute Spanish children. The important concert in the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday night, March 28th, is the gift of Casals himself to his suffering people. Generously helped by Albert Coates, he will play with the London Symphony Orchestra and the concert is his only one in England before going to South America on a prolonged tour. To hear Casals give in one evening the three Concertos of Haydn, Elgar and Dvořak is a very uncommon treat, and it is also an uncommon opportunity for Londoners to give an ovation to this great man who has given so much himself to the culture of Europe.

MUIRHEAD BONE

BASQUE REFUGEES

SIR,—May I express, on behalf of the many thousands of Basque Nationals now refugee and exiled from their country, their deep gratitude for the offers of co-operation and help, particularly from British interests and South American countries, to enable them to restart their lives in a useful way, free from the oppression and reprisals which await them in their own country.

It has been brought to our notice that some of these offers have, unfortunately enough, been placed with unauthorised persons and groups, and, to prevent any disappointments or breaking of faith with these generous friends of the Basques, I would earnestly request them to communicate with me, in my capacity as Delegate of the Basque Government, under whose protection these refugees have been since they were forced to leave their country.

14 Eccleston Square, JOSÉ I. DE LIZASO
London, S.W.1. (Delegate of the Basque Government)

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

CIVIL Servants are often extremely powerful, sometimes the most powerful people in England, but they almost always lead rather obscure lives, shunning the temptations of the social butterfly. For it is an extremely difficult matter, needing iron self-control, to lead anything more than the usual double life which comprises the office and the home, and there are few men who have the toughness and vitality to attempt it. To be an extremely efficient public servant, to know everybody in society, to be a regular diner-out, a first-nighter, a friend of most of the poets, painters and actors of his time, and to become one of the minor arbiters of taste, is a very remarkable combination. Sir Edward Marsh achieved it. He has enjoyed an exceptional career in other ways as well, for the very routine of the Civil Service was modified so as to get the most out of his great social gifts. His memoirs, published under the title of *A Number of People* (Heinemann and Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), do not tell us as much about the unique position which he came to occupy as another writer might have done. Thus it is not a revealing book of memoirs, and except for the chapters dealing with his childhood tells one little about himself which was not common knowledge. On the other hand, it tells us a very great deal about the circles in which he moved and is a collection of good stories about all the distinguished people in politics, society, and the arts whom the author has known. I hope the author will not take it unkindly if I say that it is the ideal book for the lavatory. That is to say, it deserves a permanent place in that small shelf where every member of the household and every guest is most likely to pick it up and to read a single page for a moment in the morning—since it is by no means a bad thing to open the system and purge it with a burst of laughter. The following is a good sample:

> A female murderess, found after her trial to be insane, was told that the death sentence had been commuted, and she was to be sent to Broadmoor for the King's pleasure. "Well, well," she answered. 'I should have thought I was too old for that kind of thing."

* * *

Sir Edward's mother was a granddaughter of the Prime Minister who was assassinated in the House of Commons, Spencer Perceval.

> The family fortune being mainly derived from the National Grant with which my great-grandfather's dependants were compensated and consoled for his assassination. Some of it came to my mother on my grandmother's death, and it is from this source that I have been enabled to add a little jam to the bread and butter of a civil servant. It never seemed large enough to be worth investing . . . and I usually blued it on a picture.

Miss Perceval was a girl without vanity and with grit. She never would wear a crinoline, became a nurse in a children's hospital and, at the age of thirty-five, married a surgeon rather younger than herself. Sir Edward was a horribly clever little boy who read as extensively as his mother's strict censorship allowed. Thus a chapter of *Monte Cristo* was sealed up with bands of stamp paper like the last chapter of a detective novel, and his mother actually abstracted *Clarissa Harlowe* during Sir Edward's first year at Cambridge as she thought it might lead to his becoming a Lovelace. He was sent to Cambridge so that he should escape the contagion of the Oxford Movement, since Mrs. Marsh was Low Church. The result was that he became an agnostic. As an undergraduate his closest friends were Bertrand Russell, R. C. Trevelyan, Desmond MacCarthy, and Maurice Baring. He came out second in the Civil Service examination, starting work in the Colonial Office in 1896. Ten years later the Liberal Government came into power and, after meeting him twice, Winston Churchill applied for Marsh as his private secretary. This led later on to a considerable modification of Sir Edward's career: so long as Churchill was in the Cabinet he followed him from one office to another, going to the Home Office, Board of Trade, War Office, Admiralty, Ministry of Munitions and Treasury. Later he was inherited by other Ministers. He includes some amusing pages about his oldest friends:

> I spoke a moment ago of Desmond's *few* drawbacks; but now that I have mentioned them, they crowd upon my soul, as his virtues did when I started his panegyric. On the practical side of life he is sadly to seek: a non-conductor of invitations, a quicksand for borrowed books. Woe to the author who entrusts him with a manuscript of which there is no flimsy.

There is a touch here of Hazlitt's acidity, and it is a thousand pities Sir Edward could not have brought himself to write as truthfully and as sharply of all his friends. In some places the desire to say nothing which could hurt any susceptibility gives to many of his more aristocratic acquaintances a too dazzling perfection, as of groups executed in Carrara marble—they shine with superhuman brightness painful to the eye. For many years, outside office hours, Sir Edward Marsh lived entirely for pleasure. This was the making of him. For his pleasure was to know everybody in society, to meet celebrated people, and to go to dinners and balls. He became a familiar figure in the small world of the politically powerful and of the aristocracy who ruled England before the war. Thus when his tastes for pictures and poetry developed and he began to collect pictures, artists, and young poets, he became a bridge, bringing together artists and patrons. There is in his appearance, voice and manner something birdlike: like the magpie, he is a collector. But while the magpie is reputed to rob a lady's dressing table of her jewels and hide them in wild places, Sir Edward's habit has been to fly into the boudoir window with treasures he has picked up in the wilderness outside. His influence therefore became very great. The ruling class of England—or the more intelligent part of it—were ready to look at the pictures he said were good and read the books he recommended. He not only helped artists and poets to find an audience, but he was ready to help in a personal crisis and he has been generous in money and influence, pulling many people of talent out of tight places. As T. E. Lawrence wrote of him:

> Eddy has a great political reputation as a literary leader. They feel that he, if anyone, can tame the rages of these incalculable creatures and make them safe . . . . . Also he is uncommonly kind-hearted and unofficial, after nearly 30 years in the Civil Service. So he is made of tough stuff somewhere.

* * *

A suggestion of Rupert Brooke's led to the publication of the first volume of *Georgian Poetry*, edited by Edward Marsh in December, 1912. It and the subsequent volumes were a tremendous success and included the work of the best poets written in the years just before the war. It led indeed to public appreciation and interest in poetry such as England had not known for very many years. Marsh, as an editor, showed an admirably catholic taste. Thus the first volume contained D. H. Lawrence, Flecker, James Stephens on one side of the sandwich, Masefield and Chesterton on the other, and the typical Georgians: Brooke, Drinkwater, Gibson, *etcetera*, in between. These volumes did not survive the war. For, though a greatly heightened appreciation of poetry was one result, the temper of all poetry was transformed by the war, and Marsh did not feel sufficiently in sympathy with the later development to continue. The war hit him particularly hard. In his capacity as Winston Churchill's secretary, he had been instrumental in getting several of his closest friends into the Naval Brigade which was practically wiped out in Gallipoli. The most interesting of the chapters to me is that dealing with Rupert Brooke, which includes not only letters, but the epilogue of an unpublished novel satirising the gentleman called John Rump.

A Number of People doesn't go at all deep. It is an entirely superficial record and is very largely a stringing together of most excellent stories. In fact it is the best commonplace book which I remember and for this reason it will be greatly appreciated if it is put in the right place. DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Thibaults. By ROGER MARTIN DU GARD. Translated by STUART GILBERT. *Lane.* 15s.

Address Unknown. By KRESSMANN TAYLOR. *H. Hamilton.* 2s. 6d.

Johnny Pye and the Fool-killer. By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT. *Heinemann.* 5s.

The Spanish Pistol. By A. G. MACDONELL. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

First, the Bodley Head are to be congratulated on an admirable piece of publishing. They have assembled in a single and not too unwieldy volume the six novels which appeared at intervals between 1922 and 1929 under the general title of *Les Thibault*. In the three volumes of *Eté* 1914 M. Roger Martin du Gard has continued the family saga, and of this sequel we are also promised an English version (I hope by the same excellent translator) "after the shortest possible interval." For the whole cycle the author received in 1937 the Nobel Prize for literature; and it was time the English reader had an opportunity to study his *roman-fleuve* in its entirety. But while life remains short, French fiction, what with Rolland, Proust, Duhamel and Romains, becomes increasingly long; and I can hear the reader, wandering pleasurably somewhere in the enormous labyrinth of *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, exclaim: "Must I really tackle the Thibaults too?"

Well, *Les Thibault* is illuminating, varied, subtle, honest and entertaining; but it is not one of those great books which enlarge our horizons and impel us to dragoon our friends into reading them. It contains many isolated scenes and chapters which belong to the world of great fiction, and the whole of *La Mort du Père* (the final section of the present volume) is magnificent in its sweep and insight. But there are other passages in which the impulse of the narrative is checked and the temperature drops; while here and there the author describes his characters in what appears to me an exaggerated, "novel-ish" sort of way. Thus, I cannot believe that M. Thibault, who is a domestic tyrant but no monster, would even for an instant think of his runaway son: "If only he could be run over by a train." To take a more trivial instance: that M. Thibault's absurd secretary, M. Chasle, should have boots which always squeak is a legitimate and likely invention, but it is overdoing things to ask us to believe that he had fruitlessly consulted "a host of bootmakers" and experimented with "every sort of sole and upper" in order to overcome this disability. Minutiae, I admit, but in the novelist's art these are the things that either compel or prevent our capitulation. Admirers of *Les Thibault* are apt to contrast its purity of content with the complicated chaos of *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, and they may be right in refusing to see in the latter any power of selection or artistic unity. But the sprawling vitality of M. Romains' characters seems to me incontrovertible; and I doubt if any Thibault lives quite so intensely as the little Louis Bastide bowling his hoop up and down the Montmartre streets.

They live, for all that: as a family the Thibaults make a solid and impressive group, and by the end of the book we have learned the essential truth about a world: the prosperous, proud, complacent and high-principled world of the pre-war *haute bourgeoisie*. Roger Martin du Gard has painted the Thibaults as Galsworthy did not dare to paint the Forsytes—warts and all. Overshadowing the family is the colossal figure of Oscar Thibault, ex-Deputy and president of innumerable moral and charitable organisations: a pillar of society, proud, self-sufficient, magnificently unlovable. The last book is almost entirely devoted to the awful spectacle of his physical and mental decay, and the scene in which the Abbé Vécard calms his terror of death by means of the traditional consolations of the Catholic Church displays a marvellous insight into human nature *in extremis*. Scarcely less wonderful is the chapter in which his son goes through his father's private papers and discovers the humanity hidden behind the stone walls of his harsh rectitude: only then do we realise that M. Thibault "could have been a really great man." The second outstanding portrait is that of the elder son Antoine—a doctor who inherits his father's energy and ambition and displays a similar self-satisfaction at the spectacle of his worldly success; but in Antoine the Golden Age of Complacence is succeeded by the Silver Age of Doubt: though in practice a man of complete probity, he has abandoned his religion and even questions the basis of conventional morality. Antoine is a very fully imagined and, to me, a very sympathetic character; his passionate love-affair with an exotic creature named Rachel is brilliantly described, and the author, who obviously knows a great deal about medicine, has successfully devoted a whole book (*La Consultation*) to the account of his working life.

Jacques, the younger son, is the rebel, impelled by a harsh and unimaginative upbringing to "give full rein to the destructive forces that surged within him and launch himself with the full impetus of his resentment against—against what, he could hardly say; against morality, the cut-and-dried life, the family, society." Like the younger Forsytes he is rather less convincing than his elders. The book opens with a fascinating account of the precocious boy running away from home with a school friend for whom he cherishes a romantic passion. After this escapade he is sent to the dreadful Oscar Thibault Foundation—a reformatory which breaks his spirit and from which Antoine rescues him in the teeth of his father's opposition. So far, excellent; but subsequently Jacques hardly develops the stature which his place in the scheme of the book seems to demand: it is too easy to forget his existence during the prolonged absence which follows his second flight from home on the eve of entering the Ecole Normale. The Fontanin family, with the possible exception of Jenny, are admirably done: Protestant, impulsive and affectionate, they form a complete contrast to the Thibaults. So wide is the author's sympathy that he is able to describe with insight Mme. de Fontanin's *penchant* towards Christian Science, and even to portray in a powerful scene the intervention of Pastor Gregory which appears to save Jenny's life. And nothing in the book is more veraciously drawn than the relationship between Thérèse de Fontanin and her fascinating humbug of a husband. Possibly in *Eté* 1914 (which I have not yet read) Jenny and Jacques also emerge as fully rounded human beings. Certainly everyone who reads *The Thibaults* will await the remainder of the story with impatience.

Fortunately the remaining books on my list are light-weights. *Address Unknown* is not just another story of Nazi persecution of the Jews. If it were, I should not recommend it, for, quite apart from the newspapers, most of us know of enough individual cases to make fictional treatment of this subject superfluous. But Mr. Kressmann Taylor, writing, one would suppose, under the sting of some personal experience, has devised a bitter and

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telling shape for the familiar story. His book, which is really no more than a short story, consists of an exchange of letters between the two partners of a San Francisco art gallery—Max, a Jew, and Martin, an Aryan, who returns to Germany and embraces the Nazi faith. To relate the neat and cold ingenuity of its conclusion would be to spoil the reader's pleasure. *Johnny Pye and the Fool-Killer* is an American fairy story readably told, the moral of which is that there is a touch of folly and humbug in every man from the humblest farmer to the President, and that we must all die some day. Well, I knew that before. *The Spanish Pistol* contains an amusing parody of Mr. Priestley, some entertaining "Society Sketches" and one excellent essay in fantasy called "The Recipe for Victory." The remainder of Mr. Macdonell's stories are rather obviously designed for the shinier weeklies:

> And, of course, being Lorna, counting no cost, she took him away for the next week-end, and the one after that, and the one after that, and every week-end, and they were deliriously happy. She treated him as a child, and he treated her as a goddess, and they treated each other as lovers.

Prose like that seems built for one purpose only: to coil, in lines of varying length, around the expensive curves of languorous half-tone lovelies.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADICAL DEMOCRAT AND TORY SOCIALIST

Life of James Ramsay Macdonald, 1866-1919. By LORD ELTON. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Lloyd George, 1863-1914. By W. WATKIN DAVIES. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Both Macdonald and Lloyd George were fortunate in the time of their birth. They grew up in the epoch when for the first time men of the common people could ascend to power, and, in very different ways, they represented that new ferment of social democracy of which Wells and Bennett were the leaders in literature. Though the first decade of the twentieth century did not bring equality of opportunity, it did provide *some* opportunity for new ideas and new personalities to push up into the social oligarchy of Victorian England, and the fact that, of the first democratic politicians, one was a Scot and the other a Welshman, indicates how closely insurgent nationalism and insurgent democracy were united.

It is fascinating to see how closely their early lives resemble one another. Both were brought up by widowed mothers, and, though they were not poverty-stricken, they were cottage-born. Both had the good fortune to come under the influence of village schoolmasters who were scholars, and, in spite of the backwardness of the educational system, Macdonald stayed on at school till 18 and learnt Latin and Greek, while Lloyd George was prepared at home by his uncle, the cobbler, Richard Lloyd, for his Preliminary Law Examination, and passed it before his fourteenth birthday. The education they received, the one in the Welsh Baptist, the other in the Presbyterian tradition, was probably of as good intellectual quality as anything open to the majority of middle-class families. Instead of the formality of the public school, they were given what was virtually private tuition by men of wide culture and intense seriousness.

Lord Elton's description of life at Lossiemouth is delicately done. Tendered by two adoring women, the young Macdonald grew up a sensitive intellectual, who led the schoolboy gang, but was always aloof from the others. Partly this was due to the secret of his birth, but partly to a romantic strain of day-dreaming and introspection, which was to grow on him in later life. Always there would remain that desire to escape from the hurly-burly to the tender intimacy of feminine consolation, that self-dramatisation which made him picture himself as "mud-stained and bloody with the fight" and "the solitary stag," that gulf between the mirage conjured up by his magnificent rhetoric and the bleak world of reality in which his matter-of-fact powers of organisation and his Scotch caution would reassert themselves. Like all romantics, Macdonald was a split personality, and to the problems of the artist were added those of the intellectual and of the "only child."

One of the many myths which Lord Elton dispels is that which pictures him as a product of the working-class struggle. Other Labour leaders—Arthur Henderson, for instance—rose through and with the working-class movement. But Macdonald's struggle was that of the young Scot who comes South to conquer London. With the tastes and training of the professional classes, he had a brief three years of clerical drudgery before, at the age of 22, he became private secretary to a Liberal M.P. and found his spiritual home in the political Bohemia of Fabianism. His friends and ideas were drawn not from the Trades Unions and Co-operatives but from the intellectuals. Like many Scotsmen, he found in London the class to which he naturally and properly belonged; and escaping from the cottage into Socialist society, he approached the working classes as a middle-class convert to the cause of emancipation. His marriage at the age of 30 into a family of substance enabled him to enjoy the sense of economic independence and the delights of foreign travel which are so invaluable and yet so completely separate their possessors from the life of the industrial worker.

It is the virtue of Lord Elton as a biographer that he has no inclination to disguise these facts. In whole-hearted sympathy with his master, he pours contempt on the "phraseologists" of social democracy, and portrays Macdonald as the inheritor of the Whig tradition, whose Socialism was the modern development of Burke's theory of organic growth. To him it seems a positive advantage for Macdonald as a Labour leader that he "possessed the external characteristics to which the country was accustomed in its rulers," and he goes far to show that he possessed the internal characteristics as well. For his theory of Socialism consisted mostly of a series of *nots*. Socialism was *not* class-war; it was *not* a sudden revolutionary change; it was *not* unparliamentary. It was not even against the truly aristocratic elements in the House of Lords. Contrast, for instance, his statement:

> The second Chamber ought, therefore, to have an historical foundation and to have its roots deeply dug in the ancient soil which has borne the various products and fruits of our historical achievements.

with the comment of Lloyd George:

> A fully equipped duke costs as much to keep up as two dreadnoughts; and they are just as great a terror and last much longer.

Thus the positive side of Macdonald's Socialism, as Lord Elton rightly stresses, was a belief in the beneficent power of evolution to enable Britain without violence to develop into a collectivist society. Convinced that at all costs we must remain true to our traditions and put loyalty to parliamentary procedure before the crude demands of social justice, he became an admirable parliamentarian, speaking for the working people in the measured language of a Tory democrat. In books and speeches alike, he was arguing even before the war the philosophy which would lead him and his biographer to join the National Government, and feel thoroughly at home there.

How did this evangelist of tradition, who told the reactionary Maharana of Rajputana "It is well that the old ways should not die," come to lead the Labour Movement? Not because he sympathised with the traditions of the Trade Unions; Lord Elton enables us to feel his patronising attitude to men like Arthur Henderson, as well as his suspicions both of Keir Hardie and Snowden. Macdonald belonged to the intellectuals; and (despite his contempt for phraseologists) it was his rhetoric which carried him to power. Reading his speeches in cold blood, it is difficult to recapture the frenzied excitement which they aroused; for more than any other politician, he depended upon his voice and manner for his effect. Not what he said but how he said it was what mattered. He could invest the most academic string of constitutional platitudes with an aura of moral revolution, and thus succeed in winning the applause both of his revolutionary audiences and of the Liberal critics who read him next day.

Herein lies the tragedy. The conflict between his pawky caution and romantic aspirations developed into a contradiction between his platform and his committee personality, a contradiction which came perilously near to duplicity at times. There is no doubt that the premature death of his wife, whose character Lord Elton brilliantly describes, intensified his isolation from his political colleagues. In public he sounded the revolutionary; in private he became the shrewd man of affairs, with a haughty disdain for "the wild men" who not only sounded but were violent. He distrusted their phrases; they distrusted his character. But it was above all his war record which assured him the leadership in post-war years. The rank and file, particularly the Left wing, worshipped him for the courageous pacifism which they believed he had preached. But even this Lord Elton shows to have been an illusion. Macdonald, he proves, was not a pacifist at all, as certain malignant critics have asserted. On the contrary, he

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believed that we must go through with it once we were in. How he reconciled this belief with his refusal to make recruiting speeches and his close association with the Pacifist Left, even Lord Elton's loyal ingenuity cannot show; and he leaves us with the suspicion that on this question his hero sat on the fence with a glowing moral fervour. As in his attitude to Russia he was content to share the feelings of his public audiences while in private he derided their "wild" opinions.

How strangely different is the only demagogue the beauty of whose voice surpassed even that of Macdonald's. Here is no "solitary stag" escaping whenever he came to his bookish lair, but a little man of the people, fighting the battle of a non-conformist nation against the unholy alliance of Parson and Squire. Poverty did not (to use Macdonald's phrase) "nourish in him the aristocratic virtues": on the contrary, it incited him to a most ungentlemanly attack upon titled and ecclesiastical wealth. If Macdonald was a natural peer, Lloyd George was proud to be just a commoner; and his radical dynamic lasted as long as he remained the spokesman of the small nation and the small man. Never a Liberal according to the canons of Gladstone or Asquith, he won his fame (and his seat) as a Welsh attorney with courage enough to stand up to an English bench. Macdonald's fights were mostly against the popular elements in his own party; Lloyd George challenged the powers that be and shook them on their parliamentary thrones. For a decade he made a Liberal Party of prosperous business men support a policy of soaking the rich; and the peaceful evolution which Macdonald worshipped was made possible by the fiery, good-humoured, unscrupulous and lovable dynamic of a demagogue with no respect for tradition.

And yet, as Mr. Watkin Davies shrewdly observes, Lloyd George failed in his main political objective. Instead of transforming the Liberal Party into a Radical Party, he split it and permitted Macdonald to show that a Tory Socialist could conduct himself impeccably as the Premier of the country. Macdonald never betrayed his party, since he always told it which way he was going: he only permitted it not to understand what he was saying. But Lloyd George, even in the pre-war years, betrayed Radicalism as Joseph Chamberlain had betrayed it before him. Championing the small man against the rich, he deflected the attack against the landlord and the old aristocracy and permitted the citadels of industrial and financial wealth to remain unassailed. Radical imperialism is a defensible combination, but a radicalism which permitted its spokesmen to hobnob with the captains of industry lost contact with the masses and ended in the dismal slough of the post-war coalition. If Macdonald's penchant for duchesses was fatal to his Socialism, Lloyd George's delight in providing titles for millionaires was no less unwholesome. Mr. Watkin Davies' delightful picture of his home with Richard Lloyd and of his early Radical life inevitably peters out as it approaches 1914. For the man who won the war had already begun to feel more at home in Walton Heath than in Criccieth; and, with his interest in Welsh nationalism, there disappeared much of the vitality of his earlier democratic faith.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

MEXICO

The Lawless Roads. By GRAHAM GREENE. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.
An Eye-witness of Mexico. By R. H. K. MARETT. *Oxford.* 8s. 6d.

Imagine, dear Protestant, Rationalist or Atheist reader, that you are a thoughtful and sensitive writer on a visit to some inefficient, undeveloped, priest-ridden or semi-Fascist country. You have heard of a Protestant, free-thinking or Communist hero, who has been shot, and you have determined at whatever cost to yourself to visit by long days on mule-back, by crazy car or on foot remote mountain villages where rumour has it that the fight for freedom is still persisting underground, in spite of general apathy and spasmodic repression. You would probably leave the country, detesting it and understanding only some of its aspects. Reverse this story and you will have a good idea of Mr. Greene's book. For Mr. Greene is a Catholic, who visited anti-clerical Mexico primarily to find out how people of his faith fared in areas where churches had been destroyed, and how the ordinary population felt about the attack on their faith. Sociologically, he did not learn very much of Mexico. He seems never to have got into touch with the Indian population, though part of it at least talks Spanish, and he was too ill during the last part of his visit to find in the extraordinary beauty of the country much compensation for the mixture of lawlessness, violence and cheap American tourism which he so much loathed. To him the destruction of a church depriving a poverty-stricken tropical village of its one cool and non-materialistic refuge was so terrible a sin and disaster that he made little effort to appraise the significance of the revolution going on around him. What he could do and has done is to write a singularly beautiful travel book.

His journey was unconventional and courageous. He left the tourist tracks where alone in Mexico it is possible to find even the most elementary cleanliness and comfort, and he journeyed, very ill-equipped to combat the extreme tropical heat, through mountains and swamps to horrible tin and mud villages, where the chief companions were mosquitoes and beetles, which were removed from the floor by ants as soon as they were killed. His consolations were Cobbett's *Rural Rides* and *Barchester Towers*; during nights when sleep was impossible and days and weeks in which there was nothing to do but to sit in stifling huts, drinking tepid mineral water, he quotes, with a pleasant effect of irony, Trollope's quiet descriptions of the English countryside and Mr. Arabin's awkward attempts at love-making in the garden. It is as a travel book that *The Lawless Roads* must be read; without more background of history or any knowledge, apparently, of the economic or social reasons that led to the persecution of the Church (which does not in fact continue at all actively to-day) his picture even of the districts he visits is very far from complete. But to read his book is a continuous enjoyment: it is as good to browse over in an English village garden as Cobbett in a Mexican swamp.

Perhaps I enjoyed Mr. Greene's book all the more because I knew some of the less remote places which he visited. I found it a queer commentary on the art of observation to contrast his feelings about Taxco or Oaxaca with mine. It is true that Taxco is a kind of Greenwich village for escaping American artists, but then I happened to find some of them not at all the kind of people that he assumed them to be without meeting them, and I rode from Taxco up into the mountains and saw superb views of the great volcanoes and spent my time not, as he assumes one must, in an American hotel, but in an old Spanish inn, overlooking the

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ROUTLEDGE KEGAN PAUL

Plaza, where the Indians were holding full fiesta. There is nothing in Greene's book about fiestas, yet this fiesta remains in my mind as the most vivid and exciting of experiences. Neither the tourists, nor the Bohemians, nor the Spanish Mexicans interfered with my view as I watched the Indians doing the dance of the Moors and Christians, letting off fireworks, frying *tortilla* and merrymaking night and day. Mr. Greene would have enjoyed himself more if he had seen the *torillo*—a surprising game, in which a man with a headdress the size of a wardrobe, made of wicker and fireworks, charges a hilarious crowd, with rockets and roman candles and squibs going off in all directions. Then it was in Oaxaca that I was awakened by a full brass band of sixty pieces, playing a welcome to the Governor outside his window (and mine) at three o'clock in the morning, and it was there that I watched the Indians receiving President Cardenas and giving him the tumultuous welcome accorded, not to a man who belonged to a party which had once persecuted religion, but to a chieftain who had given them back their land. But Mr. Greene was watching for different things and, only recovering from dysentery, at Oaxaca, was already looking forward to seeing in Pueblo the secret nunnery which had been discovered and dispersed not so many years ago. In Mexico City, Mr. Greene says perhaps because the air is rare at 8,000 feet everyone feels ill and depressed. Again, our impressions are an odd contrast. I was ill when I arrived in Mexico City, but recovered in two days, and remember my visit as the most healthy and unexpected of holidays. It all depends on the point of view. Mr. Greene came back from Veracruz in a German ship, full of Germans and Spaniards on their way to help Franco. They celebrated mass and ended with cries of "Arriba España, Viva Franco." "The blind non-intervention eye," he writes, "was very blind indeed, and the German ear was very deaf." By way of contrast I returned from Mexico via New York, and it was only when we approached France that I discovered that a group of young Americans on board were on their way to fight for the Spanish Republic. They kept to themselves and their secret remained, I believe, unknown until they reached France. Some of them, I read a few days later in the papers, were arrested as they tried to get over the Pyrenees. The French non-intervention eyes were not so blind.

Mr. Marett's book is a very different affair. The son of the well-known anthropologist, he has himself written a guide to the Toltec, Aztec and Zapotec remains near Mexico—a book that the tourist is likely to find himself buying as soon as he arrives in Mexico City. But this is only a side-line. He is a business man, who married the daughter of one of the few remaining old Spanish families in Mexico and who, after various deals, half-failures, half-successes, became an employee of Mexican Eagle and was involved in the final dispute when the Mexican Government backed a series of impossible labour claims as a way of expropriating Mexican Eagle. In the circumstance, one could not expect him to be altogether friendly to the Mexican Government, and it is surprising that he is objective enough to see that Cardenas had the interests of his country and of the workers at heart in trying to bring the foreign employer under national control. Mr. Marett explains that in many cases the new policy has been, for the time at least, economically disastrous, but he writes without rancour or partisanship. During seven years' residence in Mexico, he has done his best to understand the country and to appreciate the possibilities of its revolution. He likes the Mexicans and sharply rebuts the theory that the mixed race can never be any good, and that Mexicans can never learn to run their own country for themselves. As *Times* correspondent for one period, he took the trouble to explore many parts of the country which tourists never visit, and he has an intelligent man's dislike for foreigners who regard the country merely as a field for exploitation. He knows, but he is not one of, the community which spends its time in an American or British club, standing drinks and cursing the Government and the obstinate population, which does not readily work for slave wages to enrich the foreign capitalist. Mr. Marett's book does not go deeply into the history, politics or economics of Mexico, but I know of no other work in which the English reader can so quickly get a fair, if somewhat superficial, idea of the results of the last revolutionary generation, of the hopes for the future of Mexico or of the recent struggle between the President and the oil interests. His view of Cardenas as a strong and quiet man, no theoretician, but an honest peasant with the welfare of the impoverished population at heart, bears out my own short impression from a conversation with President Cardenas. I remember asking him two years ago in Oaxaca whether the Mexican landlords, some of whom had frankly spoken to me of their hope of a Fascist revolution, might not revolt, and once again plunge the country into civil war. Cardenas replied unhesitatingly that they would not be strong enough, and the story of his successful battle with Cedillo has confirmed his words. Mr. Marett has a respect and admiration for the President, though he rightly points out his success has been rendered possible by the friendship of Roosevelt. The Mexican Right will do nothing without the help of American capitalists, and the oil kings of the United States will attempt nothing while the New Deal is installed in Washington. Mr. Marett writes:

> Mexico is traditionally a land of blood; but there has been little bloodshed under Cardenas. The reign of terror of the religious persecution is fast being forgotten. As far as I know, there was no orgy of executions after the unsuccessful Cedillo uprising and, if this is so, it is a unique event in Mexican history—a sure sign that better times lie ahead for Mexico. The President may be slow, in the sense that he is lacking in the higher education, and gloriously disregards the very elements of economics; but one is forced, whatever one's political creed, to look upon him with a certain respect.

Mr. Marett is certainly wise in avoiding prophecy. The future of Mexico depends on the future of the United States, but he provides in his sober and objective book just the elementary facts which the tourist and the journalist needs when he first goes to Mexico. Mr. Greene's book would be almost equally good if Mexico were Ruritania and the entire visit a feat of the imagination. *The Lawless Roads* is the book of an artist, and as such it will remain worth reading whether the boys and girls, whom I saw sitting on the top of an Aztec pyramid, singing the Internationale, rule their country or are slaughtered in the streets. If you are more interested in their chances of success or failure, I recommend you to begin by reading Mr. Marett.

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Personal Aggressiveness and War. By E. F. M. DURBIN and JOHN BOWLBY. *Kegan Paul.* 5s.

Superstition and Society. By R. MONEY-KYRLE. *Hogarth Press and Institute of Psycho-Analysis.* 4s. 6d.

The supreme calamity of the last hundred and fifty years is that no serious advance in applied psychology accompanied the prodigious advance in applied physics. Now at last progress in both the theory and the application of psychology is being made, and the history of the next few centuries may well depend upon whether work in this science is allowed to continue. The Fascists comprehensibly deplore any attempt to make human behaviour more rational, and it appears to be an article of faith with Communists that the principal obstacles to human happiness are economic rather than psychological. Old-fashioned "plutodemocracies" allow, even if they do not encourage, disinterested research into human character, and if they are replaced by one or other form of totalitarian State, the only possibility of seriously improving the condition of man is likely to be indefinitely postponed. Such books as *Personal Aggressiveness and War* and *Superstition and Society* seem to me of an importance that it is difficult to exaggerate.

Mr. Durbin and Mr. Bowlby show, in my opinion quite conclusively, that the principal causes of war are our irrational and largely unconscious aggressive impulses. They consider the social behaviour, first of primates, then of children, then of backward peoples, and conclude that war is an endemic but not an incurable disease of human society:

> Far more of the time and vitality of any nation has been absorbed in past history by the activities of peaceful co-operation than by war. The impulses to peace are therefore more powerful than the impulses to war.

War is due chiefly not to "capitalism" or "nationalism" but to the expression in and through group life of the transferred aggressiveness of individuals. Acquisitiveness is only one, and not the most important, cause of the aggressive impulse. (One of the commonest forms of warfare, head-hunting, is entirely uneconomic.) We project our guilt-feelings upon an exterior scapegoat, and buy peace with ourselves and with fellow-members of our group at the expense of hostility to other groups. Such behaviour is peculiar to *homo sapiens*. The main difference between man and other animals (I quote Mr. Money-Kyrle) "is not so much his greater intelligence, but the defects peculiar to his intelligence, almost one may say his capacity for madness." This is due to his

extreme helplessness in infancy, his great aggressiveness and vivid fantasy:

> In man the pattern of irrational anxiety is one of the mainsprings of life. The healthy animal reacts only to real needs (hunger, sex, etc.) and real dangers. But the majority of man's reactions, in the last analysis, are to imaginary needs and dangers.

Only by education (beginning at birth) can the neuroses peculiar to man and resulting in group-aggressiveness be removed.

Superstition and Society is only incidentally concerned with war. Mr. Money-Kyrle, like Messrs. Durbin and Bowlby, collates the evidence of practising psychologists with that of anthropologists. Miss Ruth Benedict, in her admirable and fascinating *Patterns of Culture*, has shown the extraordinary differences of behaviour exhibited in different societies by that human nature which is called "unchangeable." The psychologist seeks to discriminate the causes of this variety, and finds them chiefly in the treatment of children. "If greed and generosity are determined by the conditions of infancy rather than by anything in later life, an acquisitive society cannot be made generous, or a thriftless one thrifty, merely by altering the legal basis of its economic system." Similarly the aggressiveness of any given society depends considerably on the way the young are treated. Unfortunately neither of these books throws any light upon the most actual problem: if we succeed in diminishing the neurotic aggressive impulses in our society, how are we to survive among groups where these impulses remain powerful? The only practical conclusion, it seems, is that at a future Versailles *Diktat* our principal preoccupation should be with nursery conditions in the conquered country.

This sounds like a joke, and is in fact ridiculous because it would seem so to our governors. Until the practical effectiveness of applied psychology is generally admitted, there is little prospect of any important improvement in human behaviour. The claims made by some psycho-analysts may be exaggerated or premature; but it seems to me a major disaster that Moscow should show itself no less hostile than Berlin to the startling developments in man's knowledge of himself. The orthodox doctrine that all neurosis is due to the vices of capitalist society is a highly unconvincing hypothesis for which no evidence is available; nor can there be any such evidence until the Soviet Government allows psychologists to practise in its territories.

Mr. Money-Kyrle offers one very welcome reassurance:

> Even power and knowledge are unsatisfactory unless there is some agreement upon the aim. Is the fate of the world to be determined by the strife of rival educationalists each rationally seeking to mould the temperaments of future generations in accordance with their own ideal? . . . Fortunately, however, we have good reason to suppose that in the sphere of morals both the area and the intensity of the conflict will decrease concurrently with an increase in our power to make our hopes prevail. For, on the one hand, a deeper understanding of our own psychology will automatically decrease psychological disease, and therefore also those extreme ideals (e.g. fanatical militarism, asceticism, etc.) which are themselves among the symptoms of the disease. And, in the second place, this greater understanding of ourselves will bring greater sympathy with, and therefore tolerance of, the residual deviations of ideal that will no doubt remain.

It should be explained that Mr. Money-Kyrle's book is chiefly occupied with mythology, exogamy, totemism, taboo, animism and magic and the light these throw on neurosis. The original Freudian theory of totemism based upon "the cyclopean family" is given a more acceptable form. Mr. Money-Kyrle throughout his book avoids dogmatism, and writes persuasively. Messrs. Durbin and Bowlby argue with an intellectual detachment and integrity which cannot be overpraised. I wish to recommend these two books most urgently as a remedy against the increasing defeatism about the future of man. RAYMOND MORTIMER

ONE SIDE OF THE MEDAL

The Economic Recovery of Germany. By C. W. GUILLEBAUD. *Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Guillebaud claims for his book a high degree of political objectivity: he hopes he has "kept all political bias out of his work." Perhaps a certain aridity which pervades it is a result of this effort at impartiality; and what is most likely to strike the reader at the end is that there is a great deal about Nazi economic policy which Mr. Guillebaud has made no attempt to explain. We are given, in effect, a review of the available official and semi-official statistics with a running commentary elucidating those parts of Nazi policy which can be directly related to these figures;

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Once or twice before we have been indebted to "Y. Y." for our inspiration in this column. Last week he quoted the case of a young company director who, when defending his extravagances, remarked: "Only the rich can afford to dress badly."

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but of many other aspects, which lend themselves less readily to statistical illustration, we are told almost nothing. This applies particularly to the concrete character of German policy in foreign trade, and to the actual development of particular industries, especially new industries, under the Four Year Plans.

In fact, Mr. Guillebaud is concerned much less with the industrial and technical achievements of the Nazis than with the general question of the internal stability of the German economic system. He surveys quite competently, as far as the information allows, the banking policy, the course of investment, the division of the national income between wages, profits and other factors of distribution, the movements of money and real wages, wholesale and retail prices, and so on. He contends that it is a mistake to suppose that the Nazis cook their figures dealing with such things; and in this the present reviewer agrees with him. Figures are sometimes suppressed, or even expressed in a misleading way; but they do not appear to be deliberately falsified.

The general conclusions which Mr. Guillebaud derives from his study of the available information are, first, that it is wrong to suppose that Germany is in any serious danger of economic collapse; secondly, that the standards of living, though low, were up to March 1938 (at which date his study ends) improving rather than getting worse; thirdly, that the cessation of activity in rearmament would not involve the collapse of the system, but would rather facilitate a rise in standards of living; and fourthly, that *autarkie* does not connote a fall in the volume of foreign trade, but rather a change in its character. The present reviewer believes that the first of these conclusions is correct; the second formally correct, if the exceedingly low living standards of 1932 and 1933 are taken as a basis and if, further, the quantity of the goods supplied is left out of account; the third a half-truth, which is based on a grave underestimate of the difficulties of the transition from guns to butter; and the fourth true only on the assumption of a German economic hegemony extending over a large part of Europe, so as to reduce the less developed areas of Southern and Eastern Europe to the position of satellites.

It is unfortunate in many ways that Mr. Guillebaud cuts his narrative short at the moment of the annexation of Austria, and makes no attempt to deal, except in a few incidental passages, with the problems of the past year and the "Greater Reich." It is also a pity that he does not tell us more about German methods of liquidating outstanding foreign debts or pushing trade in South America and South-Eastern Europe—or indeed about any of those aspects of German policy about which it is difficult to write with the equanimity of one elucidating a statistical table. For the consequence of these omissions is both to give an unduly favourable picture and to avoid telling the reader what he presumably most wants to know. The chief services Mr. Guillebaud has performed—and they are real services—are to knock another nail into the coffin of the delusion that the Nazi system will speedily collapse of its own economic rottenness, and to point out that the security of employment which exists in Germany is a valuable offset to the low wages, and that the German workers are not by any means on the point of starvation, even though the share of profits in the national income has substantially increased. A nation which does employ almost all the available workers can afford to waste large resources on armaments or *ersatz* materials without starving its inhabitants.

G. D. H. COLE.

Erika Mann

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THICKENING TWILIGHT

Disgrace Abounding. By DOUGLAS REED. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Tragedy of Errors. By COUNT HANS HUYN. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Reed is a good hater; in his sequel to *Insanity Fair* he harries his antipathies with a stylistic fervour that becomes almost breathless. *Disgrace Abounding* is the work of an angry man who has spent the past year in Central Europe watching all his prophecies of disaster come true, and England—irresolute, class-ridden and shoddy—doing nothing to defend liberty or even to save herself from ultimate catastrophe. He looks at his own country and finds the picture "revolting and incomprehensible." Misgovernment based on nepotism, fatalistic acceptance of slums, scabrous new housing estates, a soiled and litter-strewn countryside and the "little pansy voices" of the B.B.C. announcers—these are the ingredients of an England in which the unemployed rot and the Jew waxes fat. In two bitter chapters, Mr. Reed reiterates his case against the influence exercised by Jewry in Europe since the war. His arguments are politically debatable, but he forgets that the anti-Semite reaction is itself part of the twilight of civilisation which he deplores. His dislikes are in some danger of becoming indiscriminate.

Yet in his reading of the major trends in European politics Mr. Reed has been devastatingly correct. He can claim that, on the day German troops marched into Austria, he foretold not merely last autumn's betrayal of Czechoslovakia but this month's invasion of Bohemia and the still unfinished military drive by the Reich south-eastward. During the past year's Odyssey which he made—first for the *Times*, then for the *News Chronicle*—from Vienna to Prague, Prague to Budapest, then to Ruthenia and back to Bohemia before the final disaster, Mr. Reed has travelled and observed with the conviction always in his mind that nothing but an alliance of free countries, headed by Britain, France and Russia, could prevent Hitler from achieving his objective—world hegemony. *Disgrace Abounding* is a brilliant picture of Central Europe before the débâcle, seen through the eyes of a realist stung to fury by the loss of his ideals, a pessimist enraged because he was not allowed to fight.

Mr. Reed has been criticised for giving way to an obsession—dislike of the Old School Tie. That criticism, which suggests that he suffers from a perverse inferiority complex distorting political judgment, is one to which he has an answer. The refusal of the English ruling class to lift a finger for the Spanish and Czech Republics or to consider the possibility of making a common front with Russia against German aggression is explicable only in terms of class prejudice. In suggesting that the British Empire may prove to have been lost on the playing fields of Eton—not to mention the counting-houses of Birmingham—Mr. Reed makes a case. The one respect in which his judgment, or at least his presentation of his case, strikes me as faulty is that he tends to ignore the mistakes and failings on the non-German side east of the Rhine.

As a corrective to a picture of Central Europe in which blameless countries have been the victims, one by one, of German aggression, the reader will do well to ponder over the implications of Count Huyn's candid commentary on the errors of state-craft made not only in Vienna but in Prague, and of which Germany has taken ruthless and unscrupulous advantage. Even so, it is doubtful if

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wiser policies on the part of Dollfuss, Schuschnigg and Benes would have altered the eventual course of events. The responsibility for allowing a regime to re-emerge in Germany whose purpose was to destroy international justice, and restore power-politics as the method of national aggrandisement, lies at the door of the Western Democracies. Can they lay the whirlwind of their sowing? Mr. Reed's forecast is gloomy. The final chapters of his book have the hideous qualities of a nightmare which may outlast sleep. AYLMER VALLANCE

THEODORE OF CORSICA

His Majesty of Corsica. By VALÉRIE PIRIE. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Those who have read Mrs. Pirie's earlier book, *The Triple Crown*, which dealt exhaustively with the subject topical at the moment of the Papal Conclaves, will find that this writer has once again combined scholarship and wit to the happiest advantage.

Theodore of Corsica is presumably a nebulous figure to most students of literature or history, and there are probably some, like the present reviewer, whose first reaction at the mention of his name would merely be to murmur: "Et je suis venu passer le carnaval à Venise," just as there may be others who have never heard of him at all and who are unaware that he and the unfortunate Admiral Byng owe a certain amount of their posthumous immortality, such as it is, to Voltaire's *Candide*.

Actually Theodore, Baron von Neuhoff, was born in Germany about 1687 and was sent at ten years of age to Versailles as page to the redoubtable Madame Palatine. Later he was taken up by a relation of his family, Baron Goertz, who employed him as a Jacobite spy. During this period he travelled all over Europe, but the disgraceful execution of Goertz in 1719 was a serious blow and he retired to Paris. Thence he went to Madrid, where a few years later he married the daughter of an Irish peer, who was maid of honour to the Queen, Elizabeth Farnese. The somewhat unromantic circumstances and consequences of the marriage are admirably set forth by Mrs. Pirie, as are the eventual adventures of Neuhoff, who then became a paid international spy and who after various vicissitudes migrated to Italy and began to interest himself in the fortunes of Corsica, which was then trying to free itself from the tyranny of Genoa. In 1736 he succeeded in becoming the first and last King of Corsica, but although he achieved coronation, he did not occupy the throne for long, and the rest of his story is a miserable recital of alternations between detentions in various prisons and mild returns to a more or less uninterested Corsica. He died in 1756 in misery in Soho, and Horace Walpole, who had befriended him, wrote the inscription for his memorial tablet at St. Anne's, for which incidentally Walpole paid.

Mrs. Pirie's book is a delightful example of what may be called "history without tears." It contrives to range through the complicated ramifications of eighteenth-century international politics without being troublesome to read, while every now and then there are comments which some of our present-day rulers might note with advantage. It has the picaresque charm of being filled with vivid descriptions of countries so far apart as Turkey, Spain, Hungary, North Africa and Germany, while the portraits of such interesting people as Alberoni, Charles XII of Sweden, Monsieur, Law, the Regent, Ripperda, Rakoczi and Bonneval, which figure among the illustrations, although excellent in themselves, appear wooden when they are compared with the lively pen-pictures of their subjects that are drawn by Mrs. Pirie.

WILLIAM KING

Model Memoirs. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This is the best Stephen Leacock book for many years. Several of the sketches are in the mood of *Nonsense Novels*: but there is a long gap between the two books, and the "serious note" in this new collection of articles is attributed by Professor Leacock to his "advancing years." The style, however, is still light and whimsical, and the world of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs is of more significance to the author than the fantastic and evil world that has been created in Europe. But Leacock knows that his readers will be tickled, though not touched, by his lightly poised observations: and by far the best things in this book are the parodies which begin it. There is a delightful "Six Weeks' Thorough Study" of the United States by an English lecturer, which reminds one of quite a number of books: and "My Victorian Girlhood" by Lady Nearleigh Slopover has some delightful faked *bons mots*: "After it was all over Alfred said, 'Well it's all over.'" There are also some amusing radio sketches in the book, though the satire in these is a little obvious. Leacock is at his best when his humour is not directed against anything in particular; when he is writing burlesque that is neither nonsense nor satire, but a mixture of both. There is sufficient of Leacock at his best in *Model Memoirs* to make a light, unsophisticated dish that even the most epicurean palate should enjoy.

Wheels of Fortune. By Sir ARTHUR DU CROS. *Chapman and Hall.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This book will always possess a definite historical and documentary value, though few people outside the motor trade will trouble to read it. It is described as a salute to pioneers, and honours the memory of the five men who founded the gigantic modern tyre industry. Thomson, who invented the pneumatic tyre in 1845 before bicycles existed; Dunlop, who in complete ignorance of Thomson's patent reinvented the pneumatic tyre in 1888 with an eye to cycles; Welch and Bartlett, who made the pneumatic tyre practicable by utilising the air pressure to lock it in wheelrims, and so simplified attachment and detachment; and Harvey du Cros, whose faith and vision organised commercial production. Comedy and tragedy flit across its pages at frequent intervals. Harvey du Cros records how at a moment when he had dedicated all his resources to the Dunlop invention in 1890 he suddenly discovered that it had been anticipated by Thomson 45 years previously in an absolutely invulnerable patent, drawn by a master hand. Woods, who invented the first efficient valve for pneumatic tyres, is pictured at loggerheads with the company, who are in such low water financially that they cannot really afford to buy his valve patent for £1,000 cash, and try to induce him either to accept a royalty of 3*d.* per valve, or alternatively to supply them with valves at 11*d.* apiece; Woods at last succeeds in extorting his £1,000, a decision which cost him a vast fortune, as the valves were made by the million a few years later. The original small company in Ireland is pictured solemnly debating whether it can afford to purchase a typewriter, to engage an additional clerk at 20*s.* per week, or to buy a second sewing machine. The book is simply packed with human nature, and if it sacrifices literary form by frequent quotation of documents and speeches, it gains in human interest, and definitely succeeds in drawing a striking picture of the romance of a mighty industry, fraught with far-reaching effects on human life in a myriad aspects.

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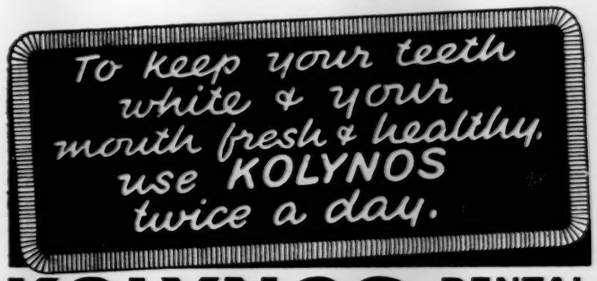

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 475

The author served with the famous 51st Division and also with the 17th Division, and the book is mainly concerned with what goes to make a good soldier from the Staff Officer's point of view. Such a book could scarcely avoid having a patronising air occasionally, but readers, as future raw material for a new army, will know, by reading this book, exactly how they are regarded by the Regular officer. *Behind the Lines* has an interest beyond the reminiscent. The author's remarks about the Territorial Army have a topical and, perhaps, urgent interest. Finally, however, the book is worth reading because it is a faithful picture of a part of a war front that receives little favourable publicity : and because it is amusingly and brightly written.

Week-end Competitions

No. 473

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Rhetoric is an abandoned art in English prose and verse, yet the times are very favourable to it. I have met, for instance, nothing approaching the American translation of a poem on the Panama Canal, which began : " Hail, interoceanic canal ! " I suggest a revival of the manner in some twenty lines of verse. The poet should address his wireless or television set. The usual prizes will be given.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 31st.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 471

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Four or five years ago I set a competition which brought in a particularly rich harvest. I asked for imaginary Last Words of eminent persons, reminding competitors that the best of such recorded sayings were a touch ironic (consciously or unconsciously) and characteristic of the speaker, often showing the ruling passions strong in death. The usual prizes are now offered for the best suggestions of Last Words for any three of the following characters : Cassandra, Nero, Julian the Apostate, Savonarola, Benvenuto Cellini, Shakespeare, Donne, Madame de Maintenon, Casanova, Mozart, Lady Byron, Gladstone, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Bradlaugh, Rimbaud, Sarah Bernhardt, Edison, Horst Wessel, D'Annunzio, Amanda Ros, A. E. Housman, Picasso, Charlie Chaplin, Stalin.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

This competition attracted a gratifyingly large field. I tried to make the list very varied, and it is interesting to see which names attracted the most attention. Stalin came easily first, then Mr. Gladstone, and for the third place Shakespeare tied with Cassandra. Next came, in this order : Chaplin, Nero, Housman, Casanova, Sullivan, Bernhardt, Horst Wessel, Edison, Cellini, Bradlaugh, Mozart, Mme. de Maintenon, Savonarola, D'Annunzio, Picasso, Lady Byron, Julian, Rimbaud, Donne. Mrs. Ros was bottom, with only two entries. Too often the competitors were merely facetious—I at once eliminated all who made Shakespeare's last words refer to Bacon. But none of the Shakespeares convinced me—I liked the idea, but not the phrasing, of Miss M. Mathews' " Ease and New Place ; a goodly price for a few furbished-up old plays ! But what of my dreams of fame, my great ideals ? I fear me, 'tis a wasted life ! " The same words—" Boys will be boys "—were allotted by three competitors to different characters, H. P. B. to Horst Wessel, R. Still to Housman, and Miss A. N. Reay to Lady Byron. Here is a selection of the entries I thought most witty, plausible or imaginative.

Bernhardt : " On m'invite à être jeune première dans la Comédie Celeste." (A. M. Bowyer.)

Bernhardt : " I seem to remember doing this before." (L. W. Bailey.)

Cassandra : " Death, you are wise, and willingly I come. This time, *I do not know*." (Caroline Ryley.)

Cellini : " Doubtless Peter is a man of taste." (R. S. Jaffray.)

Lady Byron : " I used to be fond of poetry." (Barbara Fletcher.)

(Laughing Trout's " Where's George ? " is a good idea, but did she ever call her husband George ?)

Casanova : " What a pretty nurse ! " (Alan R. Thomas.)

Casanova : " Your lips are cold, Madam." (M. Houston.)

Chaplin : " Report :—' Mr. Chaplin smiled, shrugged his shoulders and passed without a word.' " (Bosun.)

D'Annunzio : " You ! Death ! Run tell the gods D'Annunzio is coming." (W. H. Walsh.)

Donne : " I am un-Donne ! " (Mita Bord.)

Edison : " Is Hereafter only an invention, too ? " (Pibwob.)

Gladstone : " The coffin must be of oak, *not* elm. (D. M. Mitchell.)

Gladstone : " Mr. Speaker, Sir, I move this House do now adjourn." (Towanbucket.)

Housman : " The academic world will suffer less, as a result of my death, from the loss of any further work I might have done, than it will from the sort of textual criticism that will in future appear. To prevent Lumpenesel from publishing his threatened edition of Severus Maximus I could almost wish for immortality." (D. M. Mitchell.)

Nero : " I shall burn while Rome fiddles." (Phyllis Megroz. B. M. Beard produced almost the same.)

Picasso : " Promise me you won't promise me you promise me you won't let you won't let Gertrude cash in cash cash in on this ! " (Peter Murray.)

Rimbaud : " Merde ! " (Sylvia.)

Savonarola : " Don't weep, it is a luxury." (Marbrus.)

Savonarola : " O Lord, forgive them their misdeed. . . . I can't, I can't." (Josef Urlik.)

Stalin : " Tell them to send all wreaths to the Kremlin, Stalingrad." (Charles Pugmire.)

Stalin : " Doctor, quick, another purge ! " (Sir Robert Witt.)

Sullivan : " I must compose myself." (Guy Innes.)

Mr. Gerald Hamilton provided Last Words for three characters that were generally neglected.

Mme. de Maintenon : " Je me meurs. Faites demander à Sa Majesté de bien vouloir daigner m'accorder Sa permission de me retirer de ce monde."

Horst Wessel (who had lived on women all the last part of his life, and perhaps hoped to be able to continue to do so) : " Und falls ich sterbe . . . Die Engel sind schliesslich ja auch Weiber, nicht wahr ? "

D'Annunzio : " Il Re m'ha fatto Principe de Montenevoso. Dio mi farà Santo, Angelo, oppure Suo Sozio . . ."

Allan Laing sends :

Chaplin : " A bit too late to begin talking now, isn't it ? "

Cellini : " Of course, I'm going to Heaven. They'll want a man like me to re-model the Golden Gates."

Stalin : " I am dying, comrades ! Have the doctors shot for anti-revolutionary sabotage."

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

APOLLO.	**Gas Light.**	Tues. & Sat.
COLISEUM.	**Varieties.**	Sats.
COMEDY.	**Room for Two.**	Tues. & Sat.
CRITERION.	**Sugar Plum.**	Tues., Sats.
DRURY LANE.	**The Dancing Years.**	W., S.
DUCHESS.	**The Corn is Green.**	Wed., Sat.
GARRICK.	**The Mother.**	Wed., Thurs., Sat.
LYRIC.	**Little Ladyship.**	Wed. & Thurs.
MERCURY.	**The Playboy.**	Fri. & Sat.
OLD VIC.	**Taming of the Shrew**	Th., Sat. nxt.
PALACE.	**Under Your Hat.**	Wed., Sat.
PRINCES.	**When We Are Married.**	Wed.
QUEEN'S.	**Dear Octopus.**	Wed. & Sat.
SADLER'S WELLS.	**Opera & Ballet.**	Sat.
ST. JAMES.	**Geneva.**	Wed. & Sat.
SAVILLE.	**Johnson Over Jordan.**	Wed., Sat.
SAVOY.	**Robert's Wife.**	Wed., Sat.
WESTMINSTER.	**Family Reunion.**	Wd., Sat.
WHITEHALL.	**The Doctor's Dilemma.**	Wed.
WYNDHAM'S.	**Quiet Wedding.**	Wed. & Sat.

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SAT., 2.30. BALLET (The Sleeping Princess).
SAT., 7.45. DER ROSENKAVALIER.

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THE CORN IS GREEN
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FESTIVAL OF MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE. Royal Albert Hall, April 1st, 8.15 p.m.: PAGEANT of MUSIC and the PEOPLE. Conway Hall, April 3rd, 8.15 p.m.: Popular Music of the Democracies. Queen's Hall, April 5th, 8.15 p.m.: Benjamin Britten's new "Ballad of Heroes," dedicated to the International Brigade. Particulars and tickets from EDWARD CLARK, 12 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

EXHIBITION

GUGGENHEIM JEUNE, 30 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibition of paintings by JOHN TUNNARD. March 15th to April 8th. Daily, 11–5. Sats., 11–1.

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Richard Pomfret:
Casanova: "And now Mary."
Sullivan: "Tell Gilbert I forgive."
Bernhardt: "Limes, please!"
Miss K. A. Jones:
Cassandra (triumphantly): "Who's a jitterbug *now*?"
Gladstone (in semi-delirium): "Mr. Gladstone's humble duty to Your Majesty—I do hope *He* won't keep me standing!"
Casanova (quoting Propertius): "Sunt apud *infernos* tot milia formosarum—Guess I'll be busy."
J. C. B. Date:
Shakespeare: "Don't let Ben mess about with my plays."
Casanova: "If only I was a Moslem!"
Gladstone: "There will be no primroses for me."
Little Billee:
Shakespeare: "My second-best bed! The rest is silence!" (dies, chuckling).
Horst Wessel: "It's nothing to make a song about."
Chaplin: "Up there all the stars are silent."
Stanley Hope:
Bradlaugh: "Thank God, I die free from superstition."
Edison: "I've just thought of something."
Cassandra: "Do you still think I'll recover?"

Among these seven sets I find it difficult to pick the best. No one seems to me to have three bulls, and how is one to weigh one bull and two magpies against two bulls and a miss? I think that the two last are slightly the best, but I recommend that the prize money be equally divided between all seven.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 325.—RECURRENCE OF THE OLD COMPLAINT

By G. J. Pitt

"*Being unable to do your Problem* 322 (*writes Mr. Pitt*) *I have invented a problem which may prove useful to you. It is on the lines of Problem* 320 (*His Own Invention*) *but is, I think, more difficult.*"

"Here's another cipher for you," said the White Knight, "or at least a message written in my 157th cipher."

"They never taught us this language at school," said Alice.

"I expect they did," replied the White Knight, chuckling, as he showed Alice a scrap of paper bearing the inscription:

92906	35159	80063
12112	19230	76433
12192	30637	32063
07612	1777	

"You see," he continued, "157 gives 78 and 78 is three 26's. Nothing could be simpler. All you have to do is to put down the seventy-eight with the twenty-six below and—there you are."

But Alice was not there; she had suddenly remembered a most important engagement.

What was the White Knight's message?

PROBLEM 323.—ALICE'S PARTY

Solution by Dr. R. C. Evans

Putting KC arbitrarily in seat 1, the rest of those marked thus * can be at once inserted. A list can then be compiled of the places which the rest of the cards can occupy, and after a little trial and error of those which can occupy the fewest places the following arrangement is found:

*1	KC	*9	KS
2	AH	10	AD
3	QS	11	JH
*4	KD	12	QC
5	JC	13	JD
6	KH	14	AC
*7	JS	*15	QD
8	QH	16	AS

WHERE J = knave [anti-clockwise rotation].

PROBLEM 322.—OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. V. H. Roseveare, Salterhill, Elgin, Morayshire. *Ten* points are awarded.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

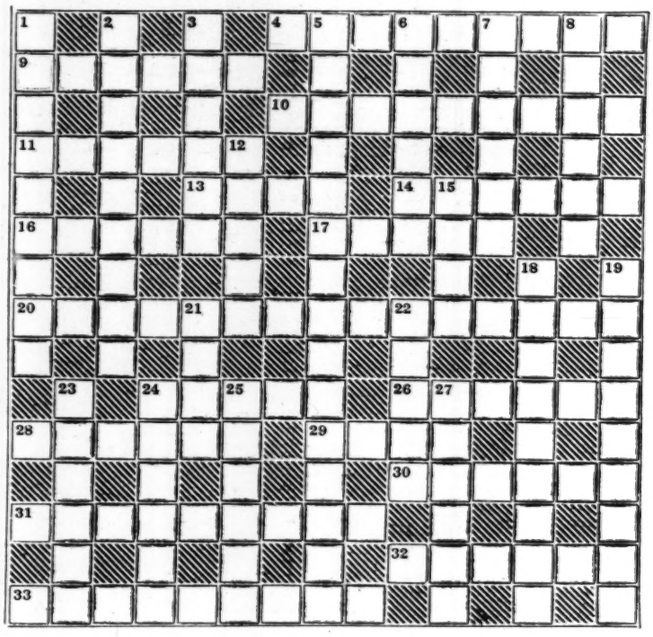
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 472

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mrs. N. Warren, 202 Clive Court, W.9

ACROSS

4. Bliss, perhaps, that is no legal excuse. (9)
9. Oddly enough it does not crop up yearly. (6)
10. This could never be a collection of odd coins. (9)
11. One can't do this when one gets down to rock bottom. (6)
13. No doubt in bovine circles they complain they simply can't get over it. (4)
14. Sounds as though it goes from head to foot. (6)
16. One does not always score this try. (6)
17. Eden's requirements. (5)
20. One should of course be in tune with one's surroundings for such parties. (15)
24. Get the taxi to come back for the explorer. (5)
26. Unperturbed sort of highness. (6)
28. People often sing of his marriage. (6)
29. What to say to the man who offers you a drink. (4)
30. A comparatively diurnal bloomer? (6)
31. Does the cook use it for beating up the soup? (9)
32. Beatrice's lover was not born under a rhyming one. (6)
33. Such people are always careful when they come across the coppers. (9)

DOWN

1. One with good vision should not have these. (9)
2. Is the sea devil a fallen one? (9)
3. Explosion perhaps, or town. (6)
5. These M.P.s do not have the same function as Rehoboam's scorpions. (15)
6. Not give ear, but give not ear to this. (6)
7. It's so dear to get this. (6)
8. Glass for a horse? (6)
12. You always pay more for it. (5)
15. He named a day. (4)
18. The tube railway in other words. (9)
19. Artificial tongue. (9)
21. Useful sort of fish to have in the house. (4)
22. What a seed may turn into. (5)
23. Eric takes it by itself. (6)
24. The sort of dance that one is able to perform twice. (6)
25. What Daddy wouldn't buy me. (6)
27. Even a Bleak House contains it. (6)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	O	N	I	O	N	S	■	B	R	I	A	R	S	■
A	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	U	■	M	■	I	■	C
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■	C	A	N	D	L	E	■	S	U	M	M	E	R	■

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

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NEAR the British Museum, Bloomsbury Way (formerly Hart Street), W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s*. 6*d*. per night. Illustrated Booklet and inclusive Terms on application.

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COME along to NORTH WALES, where mountains run down to the sea. Come and sun-bathe on golden sands; 28 resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Climbing, bathing, fishing, sailing, all sports and amusements. 2*d*. stamp for Guide, Dept. 11, Llanfairfechan. Cheap fares by L.M.S.

NEW FOREST. Spend a pleasant Easter in a friendly atmosphere. Glorious country. Tennis and riding available. MR. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge. Telephone: 2168.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

QUANTOCK HILLS are beautiful but little known. Enjoy every comfort in charming 17th-century Coaching House; lovely old-world garden. Clock House Hotel, Nether Stowey, Som.

MRS. ERNEST W. JONES has spare rooms for guests in her comfortable home; modern conveniences, delightful surroundings. 3 *gns*. weekly. Spinney, Rottingdean, Sussex.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
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Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Terms from 3½ *gns*. a week. Apply MANAGER.

IDEAL quiet holidays or convalescence. Bracing mountain air. ROBERTS, Plasnewydd, Llanbedr, Merioneth.

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CORNWALL. Farmhouse, board-residence. Near sea and golf. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

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DELIGHTFUL walking tours this Easter in Derbyshire and Wye Valley. Particulars L.L.S.A., 338 Hackney Road, E.2.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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MODERN HOTEL, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

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"RED TILES," Vegetarian Cottage Guest House in Sussex Weald. 65 High Street, Three Bridges.

ACHILL ISLAND. Slievemore Hotel. Largest and oldest established. Close to sea. A.A. and R.I.A.C. appointments. Apply HOPE CLAPHAM.

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Magnificent Scenery. Mild climate.
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Facing Atlantic Ocean and surrounded by Mountains. Good food, comfortable beds. Hot and cold water. Turf fires.
Terms £2 10*s*. to £3 10*s*. weekly.
Write Miss T. BLACKHAM, Keel, Achill, Ireland.

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SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

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GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 guineas.

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel. 280711.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

W. SUSSEX XVth-cent. Guest House. Warm, comfortable. Downs, ideal walking centre. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough (Sutton 220.)

UNDISCOVERED wild daffodil country, guest house with every comfort. Wonderful walking and touring. On bus route. Brochure LINTON HALL, ROSS-ON-WYE.

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs*. daily; special monthly terms.

PERSONAL service for visitors to New York World's Fair: meeting at pier; guidance and advice regarding hotels, lodgings, restaurants, taxis, sightseeing, tours, etc. Folder on request. References. Address: FAIR SERVICE, 247 82nd Street, Brooklyn, New York.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7*s*. inclusive.

PYRENEES. Anglo-French family would receive few guests in quiet comfortable country house. Write: Mme. DANNATT, Rébénacq (B. Pyr.) France.

BRITTANY for early summer. South Coast. Guests received modernised private house. 50 acres on sea. Tourist centre. Car. From 75 *frs*. per day. MADAME CHAUVET, Stang Bihan, Beuzec Conq. Finistère.

DEMOCRATIC and cheap Easter tours: 14-day Tunisian tour, dep. London April 2nd; 10- and 17-day tours to Nice, dep. London April 7th; 5-day tours to Paris and Brussels, dep. London April 6th. Full details PROSPECT TOURS, LTD., 115 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

IN A RIVIERA VALLEY, a country house with sunny, sheltered terrace and gardens leading to the sea, you will find absolute quiet, modern comforts. Pension: from 50 *frs*. LES PALMERAIES DE VALMER, LA CROIX, VAR, FRANCE.

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HOLLAND PARK. Large, bright divan rooms, overlooking garden square. H. & C., gas fires. From 21*s*. Park 4329.

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VICTORIA, minute from Station. Attractive bed-sitting rooms, all conveniences. Large single 21*s*. Breakfast optional. Welma House, 19 and 21 Hugh Street. Victoria 0363.

HAMPSTEAD. 1 min. Belsize Park Tube; attractive, bed-sitting room; good cooking, common-room. Moderate. Primrose 5687.

THOSE interested in international friendship and good food, ring PRImrose 6466. Large double room, central heating and balcony. 4 *gns*. Single, 2 *gns*.

MARLOW. Charming self-contained maisonette in small Georgian house, sitting room, two bedrooms, bathroom and kitchen. To be let to suitable tenant at £40 a year. Box 4440.

W.C.1. Furnished bed-sitting room. Breakfast and service, 25*s*. weekly. Other meals available. Box 4492.

FURNISHED rooms in lady's quiet, pleasant house. Usual amenities. 18*s*. 6*d*.–32*s*. 6*d*. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

CENTRAL ROOMS (Holborn). Quiet, cultured surroundings. 10*s*. and 18*s*. Write BM/BCGX, W.C.1.

W.C.1. Unfurnished one-roomed flatlets. Use kitchens. Large windows overlooking gardens. Mus. 8059 before 1.15 p.m.

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BELSIZE PARK. Room and share kitchen, bathroom in young woman graduate's flat. Expenses moderate. Box 4444.

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LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

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DINING TABLES of a charming well-proportioned design by Walter Segal; size 2ft. 6in. by 3ft., extends to 2ft. 6in. by 6ft. Made in the best manner in Ash and Oak. Price £5 10*s*. Produced by GERALD HOLTOM, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119. Send for photographs and information.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 475

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

RENEWED FALL—THE DUSSELDORF "ALLIANCE"—WAR HEDGES—CZECH BALANCES.

By this time the Stock Exchange should be getting acclimatised to political shocks. The typical stock market reaction to a fresh European crisis of the post-Anschluss type is to fall by 10 to 15 per cent. on a small trading volume, and then to recover most of the decline on an equally small volume of buying. This week, however, has been an exception. The first recovery after the week-end fall was half-hearted, and by Thursday all the ground regained on Tuesday had been lost. The cause is to be found mainly in the behaviour of Wall Street, which slumped badly on Wednesday as a result of the German annexation of Memel and a fresh crop of rumours of impending wars. It is obvious that the market rallies are getting feebler and shorter-lived. Some dealers are asking whether the authorities may not be compelled before long to reimpose minimum prices in the gilt-edged market. On Monday 3½ per cent. War Loan was down to 95, recovered to 97, and at the moment of writing is 96¼. As for equities, liquidation has not been severe, but prices have been marked down substantially and dealings have at times been difficult.

* * *

Following the announcement by Lord Halifax that the British Government's endorsement of any trade pact with Germany would be indefinitely postponed, Mr. Oliver Stanley told the House of Commons on Tuesday that, "because of present circumstances," he had asked the F.B.I. to discuss with him the "whole position" of the preliminary agreement concluded at Dusseldorf last week with the Reichsgruppe Industrie. It is generally expected in the City that the agreement will be disavowed; what is strange is that the F.B.I. should have concluded, even provisionally, a pact whose basic principle was an Anglo-German economic alliance designed to increase Germany's supply of foreign exchange available to finance imports of war materials. The agreement proposed that British industries should proceed to cartellise themselves on German lines, and that negotiations should follow with a view to eliminating price-cutting and increasing consumption both of British and German manufactures. It is difficult to see what British interests could be served by F.B.I. co-operation in securing an expansion of subsidised German exports; and a peculiarly repellent feature in the pact was the suggestion that the British and German Governments might be asked for support to fight foreign competition in neutral markets. Mr. Stanley declares that this was not intended to be a breach of the terms of the Anglo-American trade agreement; but it was certainly contrary to its spirit. Public opinion will be outraged if this offensive excrescence on the now defunct policy of appeasement is not promptly disavowed. There is growing support in the City for the view that the Anglo-German Payments Agreement of 1934 should be annulled. Why, it is asked, should we continue an arrangement whose chief effect has been to provide Germany with means to pay for munitions of war?

* * *

A correspondent asks me to recommend an equity share which I consider to be the best war "hedge." My choice goes to the producers of the most essential raw material of war, namely petroleum, and to those companies which are producing petroleum in the Western Hemisphere and thus avoid transport problems in the Mediterranean. I would prefer Trinidad Petroleum Development and Trinidad Leaseholds as Empire producers, but I would add Venezuelan Oil Concessions in view of the importance of Venezuelan fuel oil for the British fleet.

	Financial Year ends	Last Earnings	Last Div.	Estd. Div.	Price of Share	Gross Yield % on Estimated Div.
Trinidad Petroleum Development ..	July	20.6	12	12	43/-	£5 11 0
Trinidad Leaseholds, £1	June	34.4	27½	If 25 If 27½	4 3/32	*6 5 3 *6 17 9
Venezuelan Oil Concessions, 13/4 ..	Dec.	24.7 (adj.)	15 (adj.)	15	20/-	10 0 0

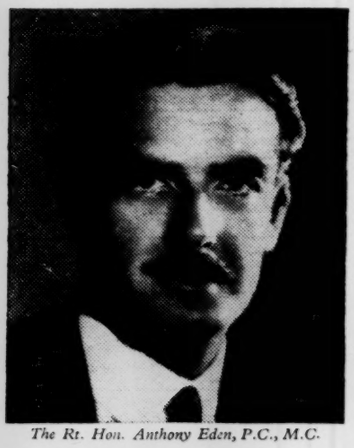
* Equivalent gross, after allowing for a reduced rate of tax.

Trinidad Petroleum Development has now the largest reserves in Trinidad. Production could be increased substantially, but the present selling contract with the Royal Dutch-Shell group is not too favourable, so that it pays the company to restrict its production until the contract expires in June, 1941. The question of a revision of this contract has already been raised. In the current year selling prices will be lower, but if output is maintained at the current rate the total production for the year will be 15 per cent. higher, so that the dividend should be maintained at 12 per cent. In the case of Trinidad Leaseholds, the figures of output and purchases of oil in the current year have recently been revised, and it would now appear that the combined total in the first seven months was 2.6 per cent. up on 1937–38. However, with lower selling prices and higher costs the Company's trading profits will certainly be lower, and I would not be surprised to see the dividend cut to 25 per cent. from 27½ per cent. Venezuelan Oil Concessions increased its output in 1938 by 15 per cent., but Gulf fuel oil prices, on the basis of which its crude oil is sold, were 23 per cent. below the average for 1937. The report which is due in May will show a fall in profits, but I think the company will pay the equivalent of the 1937 dividend of 22½ per cent. on the larger capital now ranking, that is, 15 per cent.

* * *

It is satisfactory that in one financial respect the British Government has reacted promptly to the rape of Prague: whereas Austrian balances in London were handed over to the Reich without demur, Czech assets in London have been blocked. The Czechoslovakian Restriction of Banking Account Bill provides that no banker with whom the Czech Government or any person ordinarily resident in the Republic had an account on March 15th shall make payments without Treasury consent. It is possible that the Germans may try to circumvent the embargo by presenting deliberately ante-dated cheques, but it should be possible for the Treasury to block any large or unusual payments demanded by these means. The volume of the balances thus impounded in London is difficult to ascertain. The official assets (apart from the unutilised £6¾ millions of the post-Munich credit) belonging to the Czech National Bank appear to be of the order of £8 millions; and private balances were probably of similar dimensions. The latter, it is understood, are being held, not as security for the service of the former Republic's sterling debts, but in order to preserve them for their rightful owners.

FAMOUS MEN PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE



The Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, P.C., M.C.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN

writes:

"Medical science and skill are employing every weapon in their power to combat this dread disease. But it is to us they turn for the necessary funds to relieve the terrible sufferings of thousands of human beings. Our contributions will further research which will one day doubtless find a cure for cancer. Every penny we can spare brings that day nearer."

Please send a Gift to the Treasurer.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

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APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LECTURER in the DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. Salary £250–£300, according to experience, with admission to the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Duties will commence at the beginning of October, 1939. Applications should be received by the undersigned (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than May 1st, 1939.

University College, London. (Gower Street, W.C.1.) E. L. TANNER, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

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Candidates should be qualified to take classes in Literature, Science or the Social Sciences.

Two copies of applications, stating the subjects in which the applicant is qualified, should be forwarded to reach the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, the University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, not later than April 19th, 1939. Applications may be accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials, or by the names of not more than three persons to whom reference may be made.

Further particulars may be obtained from

The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3. C. G. BURTON, Secretary.

March, 1939.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

The Council of the College invites applications for the post of Professor of Economics. Salary £850 per annum. The appointment will date from October 2nd, 1939.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before April 3rd, 1939.

Singleton Park, Swansea. EDWIN DREW, Registrar.

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The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment of a Professor of Latin in the University. The salary attached to the office is £900 per annum with £100 supplement, and non-contributory pension. Twelve copies of applications and testimonials should reach the undersigned not later than April 15th, 1939. Further particulars may be obtained from

Queen's University, Belfast. RICHARD H. HUNTER, Secretary.

SECRETARY of experience required for Member of Parliament; must be well educated, good shorthand-typist; able to take initiative and responsibility. Knowledge of Welsh an advantage. Give references and state age, education, experience and salary required to Box 4418.

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February, 1939.

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Rates and all information on page 475

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March 31st and April 1st, Friends' House, Euston Road.
All-Party Meeting, Friday, March 31st, 8 p.m.
Chairman: Lord Snell. Speakers: Miss Eileen McKinnon, Vyvyan Adams, M.P., D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P. Paul Robeson will sing.
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SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS will speak on UNITY FOR AN ALTERNATIVE GOVERNMENT at HAMPSTEAD TOWN HALL, Tuesday, March 28th, 8 p.m. Admission free.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, March 26th, at 11 a.m., MRS. FLEMMING: "IDEALS AND ILLUSIONS." 6.30 p.m., DR. COIT: "'FORWARD IN THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.'" During the Service there will be a formal reception of new members, after the Service a Friends' and Members' Supper.

THE ORDER OF THE GREAT COMPANIONS, 30 Montague Street, W.C. (near British Museum). Meetings on Sundays at 11 a.m. Minister-General: REV. WILL HAYES. March 26th: "The Star in the West."

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SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, March 26th, at 11 a.m., PROFESSOR SUSAN STEBBING, M.A., D.Litt.: "SCIENCE AND 'HIDDEN REALITY.'" 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

CONFERENCE

F.P.S.I. EASTER CONFERENCE will be held at St. Christopher School, Letchworth, Herts., from Thursday (tea), April 6th, to Tuesday (breakfast), April 11th.

PROGRAMME:

Fri.,	10.30 a.m.	HUGH FRANKLIN on "THE SPENS REPORT AND THE MULTILATERAL SCHOOL."
Fri.,	8.0 p.m.	DR. ADRIAN STEPHEN on "IMPOTENCE AND FRIGIDITY."
Sat.,	10.30 a.m.	FRANK HARDIE on "THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION."
Sat.,	8.0 p.m.	Miss BARBARA LOW on "THE SENSE OF GUILT IN MAN."
Sun.,	10.30 a.m.	C. E. M. JOAD on "ETHICS AND POLITICS."
Sun.,	8.0 p.m.	A Speaker on "THE POPULAR FRONT AND THE LABOUR PARTY."
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